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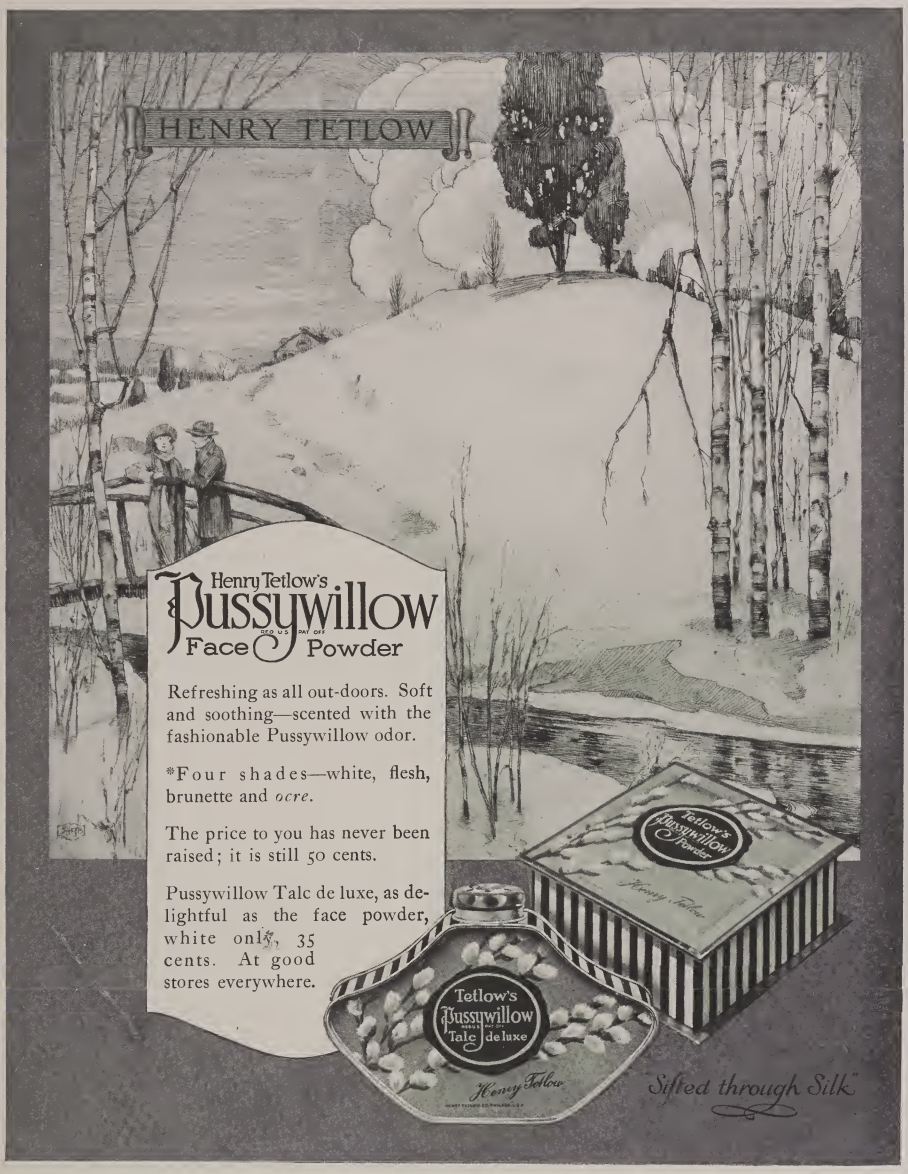

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SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

JANUARY, 1921

VOLUME III

NUMBER 5

Important Features in this Issue:

THE DANCE.....*Anna Pavlowa*
The real inner thoughts and mental reactions of a famous mistress of chorography

WHO ARE THE SIX LEADING PLAYWRIGHTS?
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The famous dramatic authority discusses the most promising of our writers for the stage

THE FAULTS OF THE PHOTO-PLAY
.....*Frederick James Smith*
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MIHAIL MORDKIN: TEN YEARS AFTER
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FANTASY IN GERMAN FUTURIST FILMS
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Will the German vogue of fantastic photo-plays spread to other lands?

Interviews with F. Scott Fitzgerald, Olin Howland, Arnold Daly and George Arliss

Departments devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Subscription $3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $4.00 a year; in foreign countries, $4.50. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two-cent United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class matter.

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OUR COLOR PLATES:

Helen Grenelle
An Interesting Dancer Now Appearing in "Aphrodite" on Tour

Betty Compson
The most Promising new Figure in the World of the Cinema

Florence Normand
Who Lends an exotic Touch to the new "Greenwich Village Follies"

Hope Hampton
A new Motion Picture Star

Dorothy Gish
The Always Delightful Comedienne of the Silversheet
and
Reproductions of Wynn Holcomb's impression of Lillian Gish in "Way Down East"; an original painting, "Pastoral," by Carleton Wiggins; and of two stage designs by Norman-Bel Geddes

Painted from a photograph by Moffett Studios

Helen Grenelle

Painted from a © photograph by Evans

Betty Compson –

Painted from a photograph by Abbe

Florence Normand

PASTORAL

An Original Painting
By Carleton Wiggins

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

ROSIE QUINN

One of the principals of the Century Roof entertainment

Mihail Mordkin Ten Years After

Photograph by Wasserman, Moscow

According to reports from Russia, Mordkin came to cross-purposes with the Soviet officials in 1918 and fled to the south of Russia, where he was dancing as late as last spring in one city and another—in concert hall or theater as the opportunity offered

IT isn't every artist, whether in pigment, letters, drama or the dance, who, after reaching a pinnacle of fame, goes on developing his art in new directions and toward new ends. Achievement, somehow, often erects a bar to further progress and the artist rests content with the task of repeating that which his public has come to expect of him. Not so with Mihail Mihailovitch Mordkin, who for a decade and more has contested the premier honors among the men of the Russian Ballet with Adolph Bolm and Waslav Nijinsky. Mordkin has gone on in his work with a spirit undaunted by the difficulties of the Revolution, if not actually stimulated for a time by that upheaval, until the American devotees of the dance who admired him as the first and only worthy partner of Pavlowa in 1910 would hardly recognize him today.

The Mordkin of that remote day and the Mordkin of the present hour are two distinct personalities; or if not two personalities, then two different artists, separated by several of the most significant qualities which can distinguish one artist from another. The Mordkin of the days before the war was a dancer and a dancer only; the Mordkin of 1920 is preëminently producer and trainer, without having lost any of the virility and technical prowess which gave him his early fame as a dancer. Uncontent with dancing by rote and to order, he has learnt by eager and ambitious experiment the profession of *régisseur* in the dance, until today he is a law unto himself and yields obeisance only to his own imagination.

The Revolution wasn't very old when Mordkin found himself. Ever since he swept across America a decade ago and left the public wondering at a new kind of art, he has remained within the confines of his native land, except for a brief appearance in London in 1914. At the Great State Theater in Moscow and the Marinsky in Petrograd he danced the leading rôles in the antiquated ballets honored by time and tradition all out of proportion to their deserts. Until the Revolution. And then came his opportunity.

In the summer of 1917, just before the Bolshevik régime came into power, the Moscow Soviet of Workmen's Deputies requisitioned and preëmpted the old Zimina Opera House, the home of the leading private competitor of the state-endowed opera, conducted for a number of years under the direction of Zimin, a kind of Russian Oscar Hammerstein. At the Soviet Opera, Mordkin was placed in charge of all the ballet productions. At first he did not sever his official connections with the Great State Theater, but the stimulus which his new work gave to his impulsive personality soon brought him into conflict with the reserved and dignified procedure and customs of his former confrères; they charged him with pushing himself and his work too eagerly to the fore; and the final break ensued. Thru the winter of 1917-18 he

By
Oliver
M.
Sayler

devoted his time to the ballet productions of the Soviet's Theater, to his own private school of the ballet, and to the task of assisting in the production of plays at other Moscow theaters, wherever the dance became an important element in the *mise-en-scene*. The same impulsive personality which led to the break with the traditional ballet, apparently brought him to cross-purposes with his Soviet masters, for in the summer of 1918, shortly after I left Moscow, he fled to the south of Russia, where, according to witnesses recently arrived in this country, he was dancing as late as last spring in one city and another, and in concert hall or theater, as the opportunity offered.

Mordkin as dancer has lost none of his physical self-mastery in the ten years that have passed since he became but a memory to America. He still brings to the stage the sense of boundless power held in strict leash. The ease and grace which clothe his release of those powers still ingratiate him with his audiences. To this technical proficiency, he has added a distinct sense of characterization as an actor which marks his work off from that which he did when we knew him. It is as a producer and a trainer, tho, that he has made the most progress. Into this new field he has carried the same vigor and vitality which have always typified his dancing, and these qualities are likewise tempered by the same grace and youthful charm.

"Aziadé" was the most important single work that I saw emerge from his workshop at the Soviet Opera. Mihail Mihailovitch, as his friends call him, played and danced in it the rôle of the Sheik Usein, to whom a band of brigands brings a beautiful captive maiden, Aziadé. The Sheik buys her and consults his oracles as to his course with her. Altho they warn him to have nothing to do with her, he tries to win her affections, and after he has almost won her and been repelled by her a number of times,

(*Continued on page* 74)

Both photographs by Wasserman, Moscow

Top, an interesting study of Mordkin and, left, a study with Kandaourova. Mordkin's eager and electrical personality may be seen on the American stage shortly, since it is not unlikely that conditions may bring this about

Martha Lorber and Sergei Pernikoff in the Bacchanale of the spectacle, "Mecca," which was created by that Russian master of chorography, Michel Fokine

A panel from the "Mecca" Bacchanale

A Camera Pilgrimage to "Mecca"

Photographs taken for SHADOWLAND by Abbe

Helen Grenelle

Copyright Studies by

Miss Grenelle was a member of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, appearing in connection with the Chicago Opera Company. At the left is an interesting study of a solo number

Dance Divinity

Moffet Studios, Chicago

Miss Grenelle is now heading the ballet with "Aphrodite" on tour. At the right is a study of the dancer in the Bacchanale, created by Michel Fokine

Photograph by Old Masters Studio

VERA FOKINA

The Russian danseuse now on tour with her husband, Michel Fokine, the famous guiding spirit of the Ballet Russe

LILLIAN GISH

The Heroine of "Way Down East"
An Impression by Wynn Holcomb

Painted by Miss Hope Hampton from a © photograph by Evans

Hope Hampton

Painted from a studio photograph

Dorothy Gish

Norman-Bel Geddes and His Work

Above, Mr. Geddes' design for Scene IV, Act III, of Shakespeare's "King Lear." Here the artist catches the atmosphere of the lonely heath with vividness. Below, Mr. Geddes' design for a scene of the D'Annunzio opera, "Le Nave"

Norman-Bel Geddes and His Work

By Kenneth Macgowan

IT was enough of a miracle that in the five years of the Great War the American theater should produce five artists like Robert E. Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, Rollo Peters, Lee Simonson and Livingston Platt to stand beside Joseph Urban, the man who had come from Vienna two years earlier to introduce here the vital reforms that had already reshaped the Continental stage nearer to the heart's desire of that revolutionist, Gordon Craig.

If there was as much cause for astonishment in the wide diversity of these men, there is room for still more wonder in the rise and the range of the youngest of these artists, Norman-Bel Geddes.

Geddes is one of those curious humans who manage to be better educated than ninety-nine out of a hundred college graduates, without going any further thru the brain-mill than the last year in high school. He is that still more interesting phenomenon, the born artist; altogether he stayed no more than three or four months in each of three different art schools.

The variety of his interests and abilities was abundantly clear even before he began working in the theater. In his early days in the Middle West he headed a commercial art syndicate; designed covers for national magazines; made himself an authority on the Indians of the Northern plains; edited, wrote and illustrated a little magazine called "Inwhich"; worked up the architecture of golf, invented an indoor golf game, and learnt the craft of relief map making; married an artist, Belle Sneider, (who contributes much beside the first three letters of her name to the stage work signed Norman-Bel Geddes).

Also he wrote a play. And the play got him into the theater. For after he had written it in pantomime, to make sure of plenty of simple and direct action, and then cast it into dialog, and induced the composer Cadman to write its incidental music, Geddes decided that he might as well do the settings and costumes. This led him into building a model stage, and finally carried him off into a first-hand study of some of Detroit's theaters.

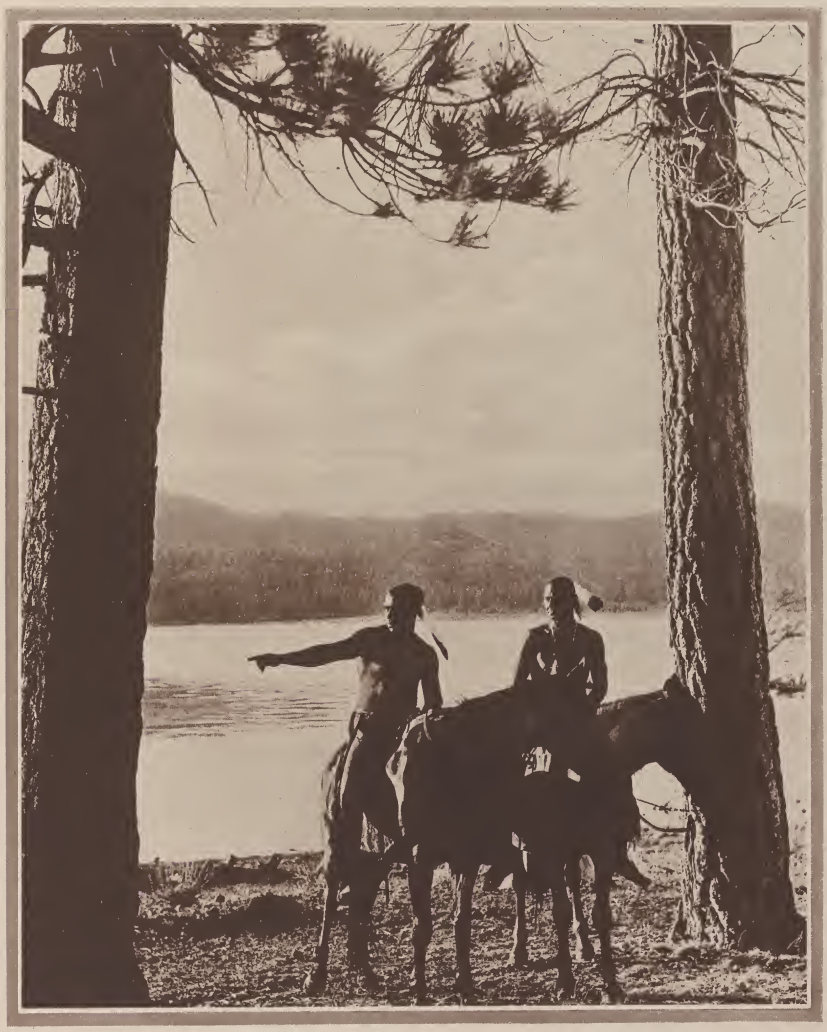
With all this behind him, it should be no surprise to find Geddes, a year or so later, the artistic director of Aline Barnsdall's Little Theater in Los Angeles. There he made settings and costumes for "Papa," by the author of "Declassee"; "Nju," a Russian drama later done in New York by Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski; Yeatsa's "Shadowy Waters"; Schnitzler's "Anatol"; "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," by D. H. Lawrence, and a number of other pieces. The intercession of Rob Wagner drew Geddes next into a futile attempt at collaboration with the motion pictures in their early or stone age period. Shortly afterward, Otto Kahn, the most active force on the directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House, invited Geddes to come to New York to do a setting for Cadman's American opera, "Shenawis." In the two years and a half that have passed since then, Geddes has done the scenery for some twenty operas, plays and musical comedies, ending the last season with "Cleopatra's Night" at the Metropolitan, Rachel

(Continued on page 79)

Below, Norman Bel-Geddes' original design for Act I of "Cleopatra's Night" for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York

James Fenimore Cooper's famous Leatherstocking romance of Indian days, "The Last of the Mohicans," has been filmed by Maurice Tourneur, the motion picture director. Cooper's tale, which has lived since its first publication in 1826, should make a picturesque screen opus, with its vivid and tragic tale of the Indian chieftain, Uncas

The Red Man and the Film Forest Primeval



The Cooper story should make excellent film material in the hands of Mr. Tourneur, who has such artistic celluloid productions as "Woman," "Prunella," "Victory" and "The White Circle" to his credit

George Arliss and Life

By Gladys Hall

GEORGE ARLISS is doing "The Devil" for the screen.

I asked him, in his dressing-room at the Park Theater, where he was playing "Poldekin," whether or no he took the screen seriously. Mr. Arliss is, so to speak, an epicure of things dramatic. His is the exquisite in selection, in rendition, in performance, both past and present. Looking as he does thru his monocle upon a more or less sublimated theatrical atmosphere, I was curious as to his viewpoint upon the infant of the histrionic arts.

And so I repeated, "Do you take the screen seriously?"

The monocle flashed quizzically. "I do," he said, "now that I am on it."

Which struck me as the best and most sufficient answer possible. We both laughed. Mr. Arliss has a sense of humor unimpaired even when it comes to himself.

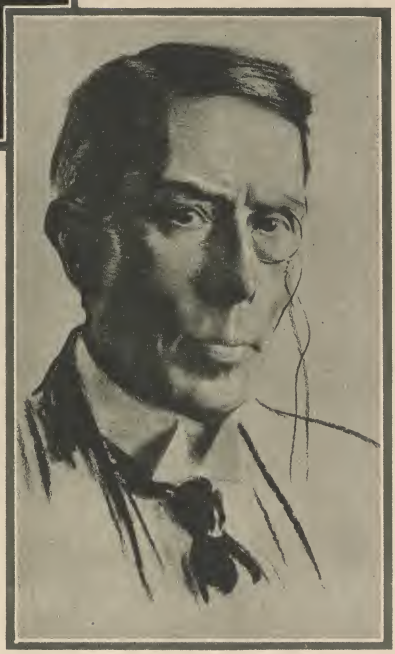
I said: "Has screen work been a surprise to you? Anything of a revelation?"

He said: "Quite a surprise—yes. I had never really been in a studio before, properly speaking. While in California I made a visit or two as a guest of Mr. Jesse Lasky, but purely with cursory sightseeing as a motive. And I find there is so much *to* it, you know. So much to learn. And yet, withal, I find that I do not have to differ radically in my screen presentment of 'The Devil.' The fundamental difference is, of course, that we lack the voice on the screen, with the modulation, the varied possibilities of intonation we have been so accustomed to. But, on the other hand, we have, on the screen, the eyes. The *eyes* seem to me to be most important, *most* important. And then we have the whole range of thought, as much thought as we are personally capable of, in facial expression. In other words, we have different tools to work with, that is all. Fundamentally, our purport is much the same."

Mr. Arliss is one of the rare persons to whom it is charming to listen, merely listen. He speaks with precision, choosing his words. His accent is quite marked.

(*Continued on page* 80)

"What is the first thing we give a child?" asks George Arliss. "A picture book. The screen has served as the world's picture book, garish at times, overdrawn at times, too colorful at times, but, as humanity grows up, this picture book will grow and develop, too, to meet the need. It will become an Art." At the right is a study of Mr. Arliss by Walter Taylor



Photograph by Morrall, Rochester, N. Y.

DORSKA

An Interesting Personality of the Dance now appearing in vaudeville

Barrie on the Screen

Sir James M. Barrie's gentle and whimsical story, "Sentimental Tommy," is headed screenward via the Paramount motion picture studios. Long Island is really doing duty as Scotland and Gareth Hughes seems to be a very fortunate choice as the Barrie hero

Photograph by Abbe

BAB HERSELF

Helen Hayes in her new comedy, "Bab," aptly described as a feminine "Seventeen"

"Hitchy-Koo" 1920 Edition

Raymond Hitchcock has brought his 1920 copy of "Hitchy-Koo" to Manhattan. Just above is Julia Sanderson, one of his chief assistants and at the right, Peggy Underwood, who lends excellent optical aid

At the right is an amusing moment from "Hitchy-Koo," with G. P. Hartley, the English comedian acting as foil for Hitchy himself

Special photographs by Abbe

"Tip-Top" and Fred Stone

Fred Stone makes a rollicking Indian chief in his latest musical vehicle, "Tip-Top," as the adjoining portrait indicates. Below are the Valentine Girls of "Tip-Top," reading from left to right: Lola Curtis, Marcelle Earle, Jet Stanley, Janet Megrew, Gladys White, Alida Middlecoat, Evelyn Conway and Peggy Williams

Photograph right by White Studios
Photograph below by Abbe

Photograph by Moffett Studios, Chicago

BEE ALLARD

A comedy Figure of Vaudeville and Musical Comedy now appearing in Bothwell Browne's variety revue

The Movies and Arnold Daly

By Jameson Sewell

FOR two years Arnold Daly has been absent from the American stage. A portion of this time was spent in France, doing a special film production, "When We Love." He has just come back to the New York stage in George M. Cohan's melodramatic satire, "The Tavern," after viewing the British and Continental stage at close range.

One might anticipate a caustic commentary upon our stage from Mr. Daly. Yet, on the other hand, he views it as in a most healthy state. "The American stage now has infinitely more scope and variety than the European theater. For instance, we can get humor out of vastly more things. Consider 'Seven Keys to Baldpate' or 'Ready Money.' The Frenchman must have his farce revolve around sex. Take the bedroom away from a Parisian playwright and he is a cripple for humor.

"At the same time, I believe that we take the lead in players, dramatists and theatrical technique. Consider Eugene O'Neil and his 'Beyond the Horizon.' This is our greatest American drama to date. Our histrionic average is very fine. High lights? Yes, we have them, too. They are to be noted everywhere."

Top, a recent portrait of Mr. Daly and, at the left, a glimpse of "The Tavern." Mr. Daly believes the real reason for the success of the motion picture is psychological. "Every observer," he says, "is either a conscious or an unconscious author of the story he is witnessing. He sets in front of the screen and supplies the dialog and even the color of scene. The director only contributes a skeleton"

Photographs by White Studios

Mr. Daly very briefly compares the stage and screen as a field for acting. "Playing for the films is like dressing for a dead bride," he says.

Mr. Daly views the screen in critical fashion. "I have yet to see anyone define the real — and universal—success of the motion picture," he says. "One minor reason, of course, has been its comparative cheapness. But this does not hold true anywhere in the theater, since people will pay any price to see a success while they decline passes to a failure. Moreover, movie prices almost equal the speak-

(*Continued on page* 75)

The Good Lady of "The Bad Man"

Both photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe

Frances Carson is rapidly advancing as a Broadway personality. Last season she was an attractive figure in "The Hottentot" with Willie Collier. This year she has the important feminine rôle in "The Bad Man" with Holbrook Blinn

Photograph by Ira D. Schwartz

MICHIO ITOW

The Japanese dancer who is giving a series of special performances in New York with Sonia Serova

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

THE SEASON'S SUCCESSFUL SENORITA

Otherwise Mlle. Marguerite, the hit of the Zimbalist opera, "Honeydew"

Photograph by Abbe

MLLE. VERINA

A charming Danseuse appearing with Anna Pavlowa and her Ballet

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

PHYLLIS HAVER

One of the real Beauties of the Cinema

Fitzgerald, Flappers and Fame

An Interview with F. Scott Fitzgerald

By Frederick James Smith

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD is the recognized spokesman of the younger generation—the dancing, flirting, frivoling, lightly philosophizing young America — since the publication of his now famous flapper tale, "This Side of Paradise." Perhaps our elders were surprised to discover, as Mr. Fitzgerald relates, that the young folk, particularly the so-called gentler sex, were observing religion and morals slightly flippantly, that they had their own views on ethics, that they said damn and gotta and whatta and 'sall, that older viewpoints bored them and that they both smoked cigarets and admitted they were "just full of the devil."

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
Study by Gordon Bryant

All of which *is* the younger generation as Fitzgerald sees it. Indeed, the blond and youthful Fitzgerald, still in his twenties, is of, and a part of, it. He left Princeton in the class of '17 and, like certain young America, slipped into the world war *via* the training camp and an officership. We suspect he did it, much as the questioning hero of "This Side of Paradise," because "it was the thing to do." He was a lieutenant in the 45th Infantry and later an aide to Brigadier General Ryan. It was in training camp that he first drafted "This Side of Paradise."

"We all knew, of course, we were going to be killed," relates Fitzgerald with a smile, "and I, like everybody else, wanted to leave something for posterity." But the war ended and Fitzgerald tried writing advertising with a New York commercial firm. All the time he was endeavoring to write short stories and sell them, but every effort came back with a rejection slip. Finally, Fitzgerald resolved upon a desperate step. He would go back to his home in St. Paul and live a year with his parents, aiming consistently to "get over."

Then he sold his first story to *Smart Set* in June, 1918, receiving thirty dollars therefrom. He worked for three months rewriting "This Side of Paradise — and sold it to Scribner's. Success came with a bang and now Fitzgerald is contributing to most of the leading magazines. At the present moment he is completing his second novel, to be ready shortly.

"I realize that 'This Side of Paradise' was immature and callow, just as such critics as H. L. Menken and others have said, altho they were kind enough to say I had possibilities. My new novel will, I hope, be more mature. It will be the story of two young married folk and it will show their gradual disintegration—broadly speaking, how they go to the devil. I have one ideal—to write honestly, as I see it.

"Of course, I know the sort of young folks I depict *are* as I paint them. I'm sick of the sexless animals writers have been giving us. I am tired, too, of hearing that the world war broke down the moral barriers of the younger generation. Indeed, except for leaving its touch of destruction here and there, I do not think the war left any real lasting effect. Why, it is almost forgotten right now.

"The younger generation has been changing all thru the last twenty years. The war had little or nothing to do with it. I put the change up to literature. Our skepticism or cynicism, if you wish to call it that, or, if you are older, our callow flippancy, is due to the way H. G. Wells and other intellectual leaders have been thinking and reflecting life. Our generation has grown up upon their work. So college-bred young people, here and in England, have made radical departures from the Victorian era.

"Girls, for instance, have found the accent shifted from chemical purity to breadth of viewpoint, intellectual charm and piquant cleverness. It is natural that they want to be interesting. And there is one fact that the younger generation could not overlook. All, or nearly all, the famous men and women of history—the kind who left a lasting mark—were, let us say, of broad moral views. Our generation has absorbed all this. Thus it is that we find the young woman of 1920 flirting, kissing, viewing life lightly, saying damn without a blush, playing along the danger line in an immature way—a sort of mental baby vamp. It is quite the same with the boys. They want to be like the interesting chaps they read about.

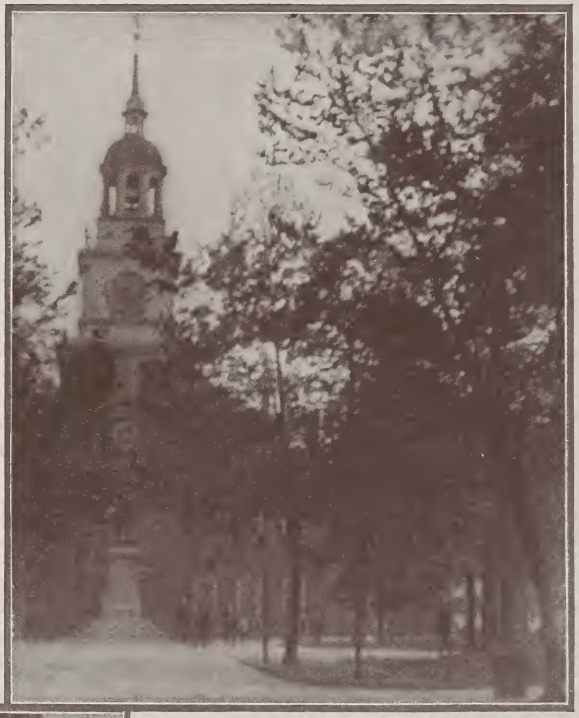
(*Continued on page* 75)

Philadelphia

The Girard Trust Company, modeled after one of the famous Roman baths, is one of the most beautiful of modern buildings

Outside the City Hall. The towering Wanamaker and Widener buildings cast their shadows over the fine Pilgrim statue, one of St. Gaudens' masterpieces

Art Studies
Made Exclusively
for SHADOWLAND
by Sherril Schell



Independence Hall is sacred to all Americans. Here George Washington was chosen commander of the Continental Army and here the Declaration of Independence was signed

The Drexel mansion is a palace in miniature. It is one of the many stately houses in the aristocratic Rittenhouse Square district

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

An unusual art Study of the Dancer, taken for SHADOW LAND by Abbe

Who Are Our Six Leading Playwrights?

By Walter Prichard Eaton

THE editor of this magazine has suggested that I make a try at picking the six leading American playwrights. When I consented, I thought it was going to be easier than it is. I shall probably satisfy nobody, not even the editor and myself. I'd almost rather try to pick the all-America football eleven.

In the first place, what do we mean by a leading playwright? What is the test of leadership? Is it quality or quantity? And if it is quality, what sort of quality? Shall we judge the playwright's dramas by the measure of their popular success, or by the measure of their literary distinction?

It seems to me all these tests must be somewhat applied. There are several American dramatists who have one or two excellent plays to their credit, but who have either failed to live up to this promise or have written these plays only incidentally, who are, therefore, casual workers in the theater. To win leadership, a dramatist, I feel, must be devoted primarily to the theater; plays must not be a side issue with him, between writing novels, let us say. Neither can a true leader stand pat upon one or two past performances. For something the same reason, a dramatist who writes a play so seldom that his work has no steady influence in our theater is, other things being equal, less entitled to rank than the dramatist who produces with considerable regularity. The bulk of his output is often indicative of the vitality of an artist's imagination. Finally, while popular success, *per se,* is no sure indication of a dramatist's merit, a total lack of it almost invariably indicates a lack of those very qualities in his work which are the basis of all drama—the communication of human emotion by living characters in action. Drama which is merely "literary" is not drama, and cannot be here considered. Our test should be the fullest possible combination of artistic truth and popular appeal.

It is not difficult to select the first two American dramatists. They are, I should suppose most would agree, Augustus Thomas and Eugene G. O'Neill. The former is a man now passing middle age, with a long list of extremely popular plays behind him, at least two of which, ("The Witching Hour" and "As a Man Thinks"), have broken new ground in subject matter and displayed not only great technical dexterity but high artistic finish in style, character drawing, and intellectual pattern. Augustus Thomas's place is secure, as the dean of our playwrights.

O'Neill, on the contrary, is a young man, a new comer in the theater, (tho his father, James O'Neill, was long a leading figure on our stage). His play, "Beyond the Horizon," however, won the Pulitzer prize last winter; he has published a volume of one-act plays which were produced by the Provincetown Players, and last November the same players mounted his strange, arresting drama, "The Emperor Jones," a play, it is safe to say, no other American dramatists could have conceived or written. His genius is essentially tragic, and as realistic as his Celtic imagination will permit. It is insurgent, too. But it is powerful enough to hold a popular audience, and fine enough to win the praise of the most fastidious. His place, also, seems already secured.

And now my troubles begin!

Who is number three?

I am not at all sure that I had not better dodge the issue and rank James Forbes and George M. Cohan numbers three and four, interchangeably. Certain of my good friends will hold up their hands in horror at this appearance of Mr. Cohan's name, if not at the name of Mr. Forbes. But Professor Brander Matthews will understand. Mr. Forbes with his deliciously pointed yet kindly satire of stage life," "The Show Shop," and with his more recent serious comedy, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," has demonstrated that the most "popular" dramatist need not avoid truth to life, serious purpose and literary distinction. But how about Mr. Cohan? His plays have been popular enough, goodness knows; but they have also been flashy, superficial, without any underlying philosophy or deeper meaning. I admit all that. Yet they have almost invariably been theatrically skilful to an extraordinary degree. "Seven Keys to Baldpate," aside from its clever and ironic twist of plot, (the plot, of course, was in part supplied by the original story by Earl Biggers), is one of the most dex-

(*Continued on page* 66)

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

JEANNETTE DIETRICH

One of the bright Personalities of the Century Roof

Howland: Artist—Comedian

By C. Blythe Sherwood

TEN yellow sheets have already gone into the basket. Ten choice words I had once thought best to learn in Spanish have at last sunk obliterately into hoarseness. Ten depths of despair, ten tones of melancholia, and yet—it is impossible to write "an interview" on Olin Howland! With his six feet in height, and big feet, and large hands, it is as ludicrous to confine him to one chat as it is to squeeze H. M. S. *Renown* into a schooner's mouse-trap. And quite as impossible.

Photograph by Moffett

An impression of Mr. Howland is never complete. There is always a little more waiting around the corner.

Olin was born in Denver. There is a sister, Jobyne, then, boyish, skinny, spirited, now, she of "The Gold Diggers"—who, a number of years ago, took the money given her for music lessons, secretively to a dramatic school. Great pals had been these children. With their rapid growth past five feet to six, chumship had linked them in their awkwardness. So when letters had come from New York telling of her success, Olin up and did some thinking that if *Jobby* could be accepted in the theater, why not he? But . . . . because Father Howland had been a minstrel man was no reason that he thought the footlights the environment for his boy, so in order to satisfy his longing, Olin had to leave home.

He went straight to the manager of the opera house in Denver and was given a job as usher. Stock companies played at the opera house, and Olin had the time of his young life with a new bill to keep him wide-eyed every week. The treat of the season finally arrived, and Sarah Bernhardt performed for Denver. When she was ready to play "La Sourcierre" she sent out a call for extras. Olin, who by this time was chief usher, with nary a reluctant farewell sigh, gave up his job and applied. Mme. Bernhardt did not hesitate, but at once engaged him to be the executioner in the second act. Those familiar with "La Sourcierre" will recall the two executioners. The other choice happened to be none other than Robert Leonard, the motion picture director.

(*Continued on page* 73)

Left, an impression of Olin Howland by Clara Tice. Below, Mr. Howland dancing with Lubovska. Top, a new portrait study of the comedian

Photograph by Lejaren a' Hiller

The Wreck of Logic and the Crash of Darwins

By Benjamin De Casseres

FIVE hundred years before Christ there lived a man in Ephesus by name Heraclitus. He was a philosopher more modern than Bergson. His doctrine was the Eternal Becoming. All things are in a perpetual state of flux. Nothing exists; things only seem. The absolute is change. Fugacity is the law. All is vibration, mobility. Mont Blanc is a Niagara of atoms and force. Its unchangeability is an illusion. Our bodies, our minds, our houses, our wills are traveling at an inconceivable rate of speed nowhither, everywhither. Some things do not travel so fast in this great cosmic simoom as other things; hence the illusion of rest, stability.

Heraclitus was the first great Western Irrationalist, the first great Intuitionalist, the first philosophic Anarch, the first Romantic. To-day the world is going back to Heraclitus of Ephesus. What is the soul of the movement, which may be summed up in the names of Jules de Gaultier, Remy de Gourmont, Anatole France, Claude Debussy, Gustave Le Bon, Eduard von Hartmann, Nietzsche, Stirner, Maurice Barrès, William James? It is the sense of the Irrational as the principle of existence. It is the divination of Chance. It is the apotheosis of the Intuitive. It is the essence of the literature, art and philosophy of to-day.

From the lofty promontories of the abstract intelligence, the artistic and philosophic world hurls itself into the trumpeting, foaming sea of the Elemental. The Intellect is bankrupt. It is only a park pond. The Three Dimensions are obsolete. The Mississippi and the Amazon flow thru the heart. All ends are myths. Life itself explains life. Chance, Danger and the Irrational constitute the new Trinity. Dionysus dances in mænadic frenzy on the skull of Darwin, Spencer, Taine, Buckle and Haeckel. Keep away from shore, for there the fisherfolk called logicians have sunk their nets. Stick to the open where the waves run high and where you are tossed toward bewitching horizons. The rational, the sure-and-fast is a cock-and-bull story.

And the giant figure of Heraclitus rises out of the East. "They have come home to me again," he says. But the Heraclitean *dans macabre*—for Heraclitus was a philosopher of sorrows, the Schopenhauer of his time—has become the Zarathushtrian dervish whirl. The eternal snowstorm of the atoms flying in spiral billions from inconceivable zeniths to hypothetical nadirs is now a storm of throbbing red corpuscles—the heart of the world is warm. The individual is in the solar stream of a perpetually creative tendency.

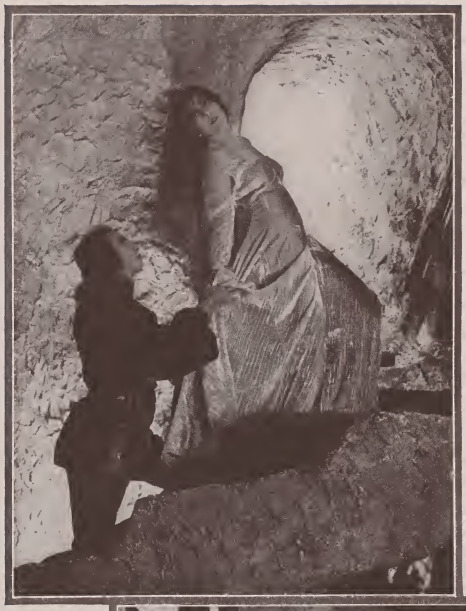
Paradox of paradoxes! The new atheism is optimistic: Chance is a beneficent god! The Irrational has become a faith! There is no "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," but—better yet!—each moment is a near-at-hand divine event in which the whole creation is incarnated.

Again the paradox. Out of the heart of the most practical people in the world—the Americans—have come three supreme Irrationalists—Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman. No matter what they prated about "law" they were intuitionalists, miracle-seekers, chevaliers of the Divine Moment. They were the fathers of the cubists and futurists, for they reported what they felt, not what they saw. They let themselves go. They risked the open sea at each moment. "Thy will be done," they uttered—to the great god Chance. They boasted that no ill could befall them. From them come the "æsthetic lookers-on," the mystical pragmatists, the illusionists, the irrationalists, the hyperspace healers. All Orientals, whether they know it or not. From Emerson to Cabell the march has been Asiaward. We are carrying our candles to the Buddhas.

The irrational is the groundwork of all existence. Life is itself an error—and here we come to the psychological meaning of the myth of the Fall of Man — because it is divided against itself. So long as there (*Continued on page* 78)

ENRICO CARUSO

A new © portrait study by the Strauss-Peyton Studios, Kansas City



Fantasy in German Futurist Films

THE original decrees of futurism, post-impressionism, and cubism have now invaded the film world. If artists can paint houses upside-down, windows aslant, and mountains wider at the top than at the bottom, the designer of scenery can create similar effects for the motion pictures.

The fantastic is in vogue in Germany, popular because it is a change from the eternal masses marching back and forth thru the same villages. The German film industry, tho it is prosperous, has not the unlimited means that are at the disposal of the American companies today. The German movie public is just as fed up with the old commonplace films as is the rest of the world and it has welcomed the change. Life in Germany is now unbearably intense, a turmoil seemingly without beginning or end. In a world that is upside-down, what is more natural than that the films, too, shall, metaphorically, stand on their heads.

The German actor, Paul Wegener, was one of the first to appear in a futurist film, written and designed by himself, "The Student of Prague." He gives himself, as the leading character, a double nature like that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. As in Stevenson's famous story, his ob-

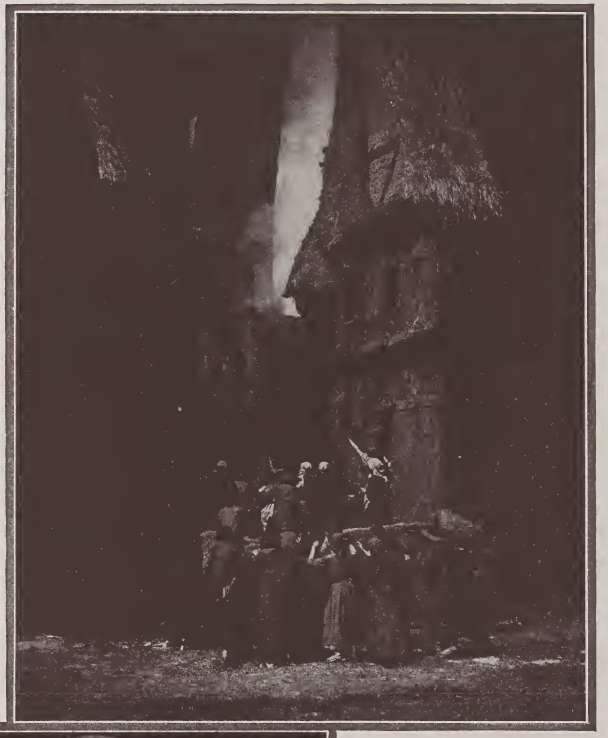
Above, an interesting scene from Paul Wegener's production of "The Birth of the Golem," with his wife, the Czecho-Slovakian dancer, Lyda Salmonowa, as the heroine. Right, a scene from the Decla production, "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," a weird fantasy of a delirious mind

By
Sanford
Griffith

ject in life is finally to rid himself of his troublesome second self. He finally sees his chance and shoots his semblance in the mirror. The ball, it appears, rebounds, killing his real self at the same time. A line in a sub-title suffices to explain the necessary miracle.

Then Wegener brought before the public the Jogi, a supernatural person who has the gift of making himself invisible and who influences the course of human lives. In order to bring about the effect of invisibility, he resorts to the methods of the so-called trick film with dancing chairs, cups that run away from the coffee-pot, etc. Thus, a scene like the following can be introduced: A man is struggling with the invisible Jogi; in a half-darkened room, chairs, tables, etc., are thrown about by invisible hands, and a sword darts out at him out of space.

Another supernatural film, "Ruebezahl," a charming legend of the Silesian mountains in which a giant appears, and little fairy folk swarm fantastically about, was too thin a subject to make an impression on the sophisticated German movie public.



Max Reinhardt's architect, Professor Poelzig, built the fantastic settings of "The Birth of the Golem," depicting mediæval Prague with its odd, winding Ghetto. At the left, Paul Wegener is himself seen as the Golem in this production with his wife as the heroine

It was in "The Golem," in which Herr Wegener dramatized a mediæval Jewish legend of Prague, that his efforts found favor with the public. He felt obliged to give the old legend a modern garb, because the public is not accustomed to subjects which demand historical reconstruction.

This was successful enough for Herr Wegener to risk giving the actual legend in another film: "The

(*Continued on page* 68)

Where Beauty Reigns

The young woman just above, in the —er—informal attire, is Pearl Germone, one of the handsomest of the Ziegfeld beauty squad. Turning to the right, you will find pretty Annette Bade, another trim and charming Ziegfelder

Special
Camera Studies
By Alfred Cheney Johnston

Teddy Gerard, at the right, is as much a favorite on the London as on the New York stage. Just now she is one of the features of the New Amsterdam Roof

At the left, Mildred Sinclair appears to be guarding against spot-light sunburn—or something

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

A Point in Conjunctions

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

IT is a cool day in the fall of the year, with a touch of frost and chilliness in the air. The sun, indeed, is shining, but it is a mocking sun, that has brightness but no warmth, and even the sky is of a hard, cold blue, aloof and unconcerned, seeming no longer to care for the autumnal earth and hardly touching on the farthest horizon the bare brown fields.

On such a day it is grateful to sit by an open fire, to see the flames leap and curl, to hear the dry wood snap and crackle, and—while the comfortable warmth makes one feel really cheerful—to dream dreams half gay and half sad, and to sigh more than say some melancholy verses—preferably in French—such as dear old Ronsard's—

> Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, madame,
> Le temps? Ah, non! c'est nous, nous en allons.

Monsieur and Madame were clever enough to leave the somewhat damp and chilly garden, and seek shelter and warmth before the open hearth. The room is wonderfully quiet, the deep cushioned chairs (lavender and yellow in color-scheme and delightfully soft to the touch of caressing fingers) are almost consciously hospitable, and a dainty scent of flowers is in the air. Yet Monsieur is not entirely pleased. But is Monsieur ever entirely pleased? Who can tell? Madame tries in vain to solve this enigma, and, being resourceful, she decides that he who does not care to be amused shall now amuse her and, perhaps in this way, find entertainment. With that half-playful, half-caressing intonation she so readily can give her voice, she begs of Monsieur, "Do tell me a story."

"A story!" exclaims Monsieur, rather contemptuously. "A story—always a story! You want to hear stories, you want to read stories, and, worse still, you want to live stories. As if life were a collection of *contes,* related in idleness or in jest, while presently the last word will be spoken and all stories be told. Think only——"

"I never think," interrupted Madame; "I merely wonder. And since the time for stories, as you wisely said, will be gone presently, it is well that you tell me at once the story I wish to hear. I beg of you"—and she stretched her hands toward him in a pretty, pleading gesture—"I beg of you—if I may have nothing else from life, at least let me have my story."

"Very well," consents Monsieur, "a story you shall have, and it shall be one that can teach you a lesson. I heard it but yesterday, and it is both amusing and true."

He settles in his chair, lights a cigaret and tells his little tale:

"A man, who had had many mistresses and given to each the ardor of a hungry heart, had a strange habit. In the supreme hour of happiness, when the woman he loved was very close to him, he would beg of her the gift of a pearl. One single pearl he would ask of her, just one pearl as a symbol of their tender passion, as the token of the miracle of love. And all the pearls thus asked and

(*Continued on page 72*)

Photograph by Abbe

The Harem Scene of the spectacle, "Mecca"

The Dance

By
Anna
Pavlowa

Special
Art Studies Taken
for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe

I DO not think in words. My medium of expression is movement. I began when I was seven years old, as a pupil at the *Imperial Ballet School* in Petrograd, to lift my small body into the air. That is the impulse of the dance, it lifts you from the ordinary gravity of the earth. It inspires a birdlike impulse to fly.

Invisible wings must be a part of the dancer's anatomy. I discovered them after the first few exercises I was taught as a child. There was nothing unusual in this, most children imagine they have wings. It often happened in the dancing school that the youngest children would hop up onto their toes before the ballet master had taught them.

Grace of movement is really the natural law of life, but the pity of it is, that we fail to look around and notice the beauty of movement in everything. It was an instinct with me to revel in the different movements of clouds across the sky. The slow, dreamy June clouds, or the majestic storm clouds, or the sullen grey clouds of winter; all of them fascinated me when I was a child. I still learn new grace of movement from them. When a great storm comes up I want to go out into it, I want to see all the rushing wonder of the elements, for even in violence and anger they express a language of beauty.

Watch the exquisite pirouettes, the largo pauses, the adagio feeling in the dying moments of an autumn leaf as it tumbles, glides, whirls its way from the tree to the ground. Even when it is rolled over and over by the groundling wind, it is still beautiful in its decorative twirls. Watch the sea, it is a profound symbol of mystery in its immense changing movements, in its language of color and awe.

There is really nothing in all nature that does not contribute to the dance, for all nature is movement in perfect grace. This lesson of beauty is universal, for there is rhythmic force in all of us. I should be very dull if I could not dance, for all of me, my imagination, my soul, my health, my joy, the whole pleasure of life would be gone if I could no longer lift myself into the air with these invisible wings I have.

Pavlowa and M. Stowitz dancing "La Peri." "I should be dull if I did not dance," says Pavlowa, "for all of me, my imagination, my soul, my health, my joy, my whole pleasure of life would be gone if I could no longer lift myself into the air with these invisible wings I have"

The first time I stood on my toes I laughed aloud, because no one had taught me, and I thought how clever it was and yet how easy. It made me taller, but above all, it made me feel as if my body would float entirely off the earth. I imagined myself a feather in the air. I imagined myself flying over the heads of the other children in the class, perhaps brushing Cicetti's (the ballet master's) old bald head with the tips of my fingers as I flew over him. Of course, I didn't know then that I was, for the moment, experiencing the miracle of all dancing,

inspiration. It is an art that fills a lifetime. Its work is never finished, because the strings of the body must be kept in constant practise. I devote fully twenty-five minutes before every performance to primary exercises of the body, the same exercises that were taught me at the *Imperial Ballet School* in Petrograd. These were chiefly to prepare the body for the dance. These exercises, inherited by tradition from the Italian School of Dancing, have emphasized certain artistic rules in other arts. These rules embodied, for instance, some essential requirements in sculpture and decorative art. By them, the body was untied, its lines gradually softened to the eye, its complexity movement increased. The wings of the joints and muscles slowly opened. An infinite skill in rapidity of step, in the whirling speed of the body, in the beating of the ground with feet that could move as fast as a squirrel; these were among the preparatory execises. Gradually, in this technique of the dance, the dancer becomes facile, and she

Above, Pavlowa in colorful Russian garb and, at the left, in classic ballet costume. "In varying degrees," says Pavlowa, "the dance lifts people. If we could all realize that in the dance there is a vocabulary of emotional beauty, we should not waste our time . . . in some of the modern society dancing"

a sense of elation, of indifference to bones and joints and bodily weight. Ever since I first had this experience when I was a child, it has never left me in my work.

In varying degrees, that is what the dance does for people, it lifts them. If we could all realize that in the dance there is a vocabulary of emotional beauty, we should not waste our time in tying our feet up with crude steps and spoiling bodily grace, as we do in some of the modern society dancing. Once let a dancer realize that every tendon, muscle and nerve of the body is as sensitive to educational training as the fingers of a great violinist are to the singing quality of his instrument, and all dancing becomes an art of extraordinary importance. To my mind it is an art absolutely necessary to the happiness and longevity of life. Above all in America, where there is a constant, restless energy, the dance should be learnt as an art. Furthermore, I believe that it is a moral force necessary in daily life. It is not merely a bodily exercise, it is too beautiful to be misused in that way. Dancing is a mood, and let the mood of the dance be what it may, we must not abuse it with indifferent respect. It is an idealistic, aspiring art. It tells us, in perpetual grace of movement, what music is for, it lifts our emotions off the earth.

In my own case, while I had found dancing an exacting art, I have also found it a life of renewed

must do these primary exercises daily the rest of her active life. I attend a class rehearsal in the classic routine at ten o'clock every morning on the road, no matter where we are, unless prevented by executive duties. For an hour the members of my company exercise for classic technique under the scrutinizing eye of a ballet master, who permits no variations, no violation of its traditions. If a dancer indulges in any advanced ideas at these technique rehearsals, the master will probably say, "What you do elsewhere does not concern me, but what you do during this hour must be strictly classic." I myself listen to his criticisms, because he will tell me where I am losing a detail of poise, where a line of effect is indistinct. It is an art of infinite pains, the twist of a finger, the turn of a toe, can destroy a whole theme.

One must also have a conscience in the dance, the obedient conscience of an artist to the art itself. I have spent hours fitting one moment in a divertissement, which at performance lasts two or three minutes, to the technique of my work. I have worked with tears of vexation in my eyes, sometimes for hours, to conquer some detail that was not acceptable.

"Imagine a sculptor molding a hundred different poses in a few minutes, all anatomically correct, all artistically graceful, all warmed by the inspiring mood of the spirit, and you have perhaps five minutes of quality in dancing," says Pavlowa. "The sculptural sense is not all that is required either, there must be a sense of decorative values so that the body preserves always lines of artistic grace"

The exacting thing is quality in the dance, and it is obtained only with endless repetition of detail and artistic inspiration. A movement in the dance that may scarcely be perceptible to the eye, requires ceaseless study and practise.

Quality is the rare gift, it is born or it is not. A dancer may conquer all the difficulties of technique, she may even have something more than a perfect bodily precision of grace and movement, that is to say, she may have an understanding of quality and yet not possess enough creative force to rise above the front row of the coryphées. A coryphée is a finished graduate of all the classic technique known to the ballet. She can perform any complicated step or movement required of her, but she has not the creative faculty. So, she remains one of the most valuable supports to a creative dancer, as beautiful in her sense of values to the première as the studied background of the painted portrait. She absorbs the mood and drama in the ballet-story in which she is a part, so that her movement is sympathetically descriptive. A coryphée's work is like the piano accompaniment to a song which must be played by an accompanist who understands, who even feels the mood of the singer. But the notes are written for her, and the people are listening to the singer.

Quality in the dance is the creative gift, resembling in character, in thought and feeling for movement, what the sculptor must have. The sculptor fastens action, catches the hidden comedy and tragedy of nature in unguarded movement, translates them within the necessary descriptions of the art itself. Imagine a sculptor molding a hundred different poses in a few minutes, all anatomically correct, all artistically graceful, all warmed by the inspiring mood of the spirit, and you have perhaps five minutes of quality in dancing. The sculptural sense is not all that is required, either, there

(*Continued on page 76*)

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

LUBOWSKA
Mistress of the Dance

The Faults of the Photoplay

An Interview with Cosmo Hamilton

By Frederick James Smith

FRANKLY, Cosmo Hamilton surprised us. Knowing him as an indefatigable creator of best sellers, we looked upon him as something of a dilettante so far as the screen was concerned. Yet we found him to have very positive—as well as interesting—ideas upon the photoplay.

Mr. Hamilton is not just an observer from afar. He has been studying the cinema at first hand in its native habitat, Los Angeles, where recently he helped in the production of one of his own novels, "Midsummer Madness," at the Paramount studios.

We found Mr. Hamilton very ready to express himself upon the celluloid play. "The two biggest faults of the screen as I see them are, first, the star system, which obviously must go, and, second, the directors' idea that the public is a bloody fool," began the novelist with his typical English drawl.

Photograph by White Studios

COSMO HAMILTON

"Now the public is not an idiot. It is very alive and very receptive. It is being educated every minute. It has an eye for beauty. Yet the director goes on looking upon the public as a stolid lout.

"I see the photoplay of the future as dealing with the psychology of action rather than in mere physical movement. We have had years of action plays. Many of these have been lavish, exceedingly ingenious and even possessing humor. But the public is sick of it all.

"Right now the cinema is on the threshold of a new world. We are going to have photoplays rather than motion pictures. I know that many of the foremost men behind pictures have arrived at this conclusion—that the film play must quickly turn to simplicity, to human emotions untrammeled by superfluity of physical action.

"This means an intimate collaboration between the author and director. The present status of the author upon coming to the motion picture studio is unique. He is first asked to learn, parrot-like, the so-called 'new' technique of the films. This, of course, that he may know how to express himself on the screen.

"There is no technique of the cinema, or, at least, such technique as exists is riddled with faults. The principal evil is the stress on inessentials. We repeatedly find a story buried in detail and swamped by trapping where, in reality, 4,000 feet should be given to essentials and one thousand to inessentials. Yet men who have devoted their lives to writing — who know how to create a story—are placed at a studio desk and told to learn the 'new' technique. In reality, the director should make use of the fresh viewpoint of these men, permeated, as they are, with new ideas.

"I see the screen as possessing a marvelous something that the stage can never achieve. The stage is a square opening, revealing to the eye three sides of a room or a narrow canvas vista. It is impossible for the spoken drama to show what is above, behind or under this limited area. The screen, on the other hand, is unlimited. For instance, a character abruptly leaves a stage door in the throes of a great mental disturbance. He drops from the audience's sight. The movies follow this character and show — or should show—his every mental reaction. Indeed, there is nothing the movies can not do.

"I say this with all due deference," went on Mr. Hamilton. "Yet I know that the cinema is the biggest liar on earth. It never tells the truth. It can camouflage an atrocious looking woman into a beauty and it can magnify a fresh young girl into utter ugliness. As for the vast field of camera trickery—the camera makes anything possible.

"I am convinced that the future of the photoplay lies in more acting and in less posturing; in more intimate revealing of the human feelings of the few, rather than in the rush of multitudes. I think the camera should be placed to the keyhole rather than in the center of a room. Today directors seem to think their audiences demand exaggeration. Every house is exaggerated into a Grand Central railway terminal. They apply a huge magnifying glass to men and things, with the result that homes become mansions and mansions become palaces. Even Fords develop into Rolls-Royces. As for mere humanity, men and women become veritable statues. The director of today is a Gulliver, not among Lilliputians but among monstrosities. This magnifying glass must be broken.

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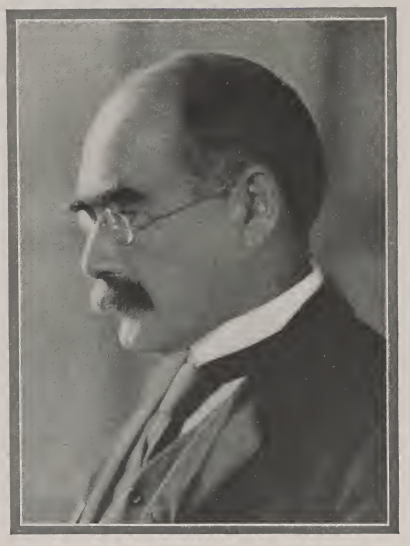
SHADOW-LAND Presents—

Photographs Copyrighted by E. O. Hoppe of London

Upper right, Compton Mackenzie, because of the vividness, admirable characterization and subtle irony of his "Carnival," "Youth's Encounter" and "The Vanity Girl"



Upper left, Leonard Merrick, because of the subtlety, whimsicality and delicate character drawing of his "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "The Actor-Manager," "When Love Flies Out o' the Window" and other novels

Left, Rudyard Kipling, because of the rugged vigor of his song in "Barrack Room Ballads" and the variety and uncanny power of his story-telling in his many tales from "Kim" to "The Jungle Book"

Eugene O'Neill's Pullman Porter, Mark Twain's Swashbuckling Romance and Galsworthy's War Symbolism

By The Critic

SINCE the relentless power of his "Beyond the Horizon" impressed us last season, following upon the heels of a number of vastly promising one-act plays, we looked upon Eugene O'Neill as the one significant new force in our theater. So we are not surprised to find his latest contribution, "The Emperor Jones," produced by the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village, to be the most interesting event of our month in the theater.

"The Emperor Jones" is a study in fear. Jones is a negro ex-Pullman porter who has drifted—a stowaway—to a "West Indian island not yet self-determined by white marines." There the shell of shrewdness and bluff he has acquired as porter quickly lifts him to the post of emperor. He plays upon the credulities of his fellow blacks and proceeds to squeeze his domain for all the wealth it will yield. Mr. O'Neill's play opens with the sullen natives just breaking into rebellion.

From the hills comes the steady beat of a giant tom-tom, so Emperor Jones starts coastward, his mind on the money he has placed in a foreign bank for just this moment. At sunset he breaks into the jungle, a bold adventurer with all the surface veneer of civilization. Mr. O'Neill's play follows the negro thru the trackless wilds as night passes. Step by step, fear takes possession—primitive, unadulterated terror—personified by the dull, never ceasing beat, beat of the distant tom-tom. The crust of civilization drops away as the fear stricken black plunges madly thru the shadows. As dawn comes, he staggers, a naked, broken creature, into the very camp of his pursuers, where the natives complacently wait. He has completed the terrorizing circle of his flight. Then and then only does the sinister tom-tom cease.

"The Emperor Jones" is a thing of fragmentary scenes which would tax the ingenuity of any theater. The Provincetown Players gave it a clumsy and awkward presentation. Far be it from us to quibble at the crudities of amateur production, however. At least, they give a hearing to the worth while. And "The Emperor Jones" brought forward a remarkable negro actor, Charles S. Gilpin, as Jones. Gilpin played the black in "Abraham Lincoln" last year. Here is about the best performance we have observed on the New York stage all season.

Of the real worth of "The Emperor Jones" we grant unusual force and originality. Really it is almost a dramatic monolog, altho vibrant with accumulative suspense and with keen psychology of the primitive. We admire Mr. O'Neill for his courage.

If you have a sense of humor—guaranteed sure fire—we recommend George M. Cohan's production of the melodramatic satire, "The Tavern." If you haven't—as most of the audience on the night we observed the piece failed to have—please stay away. Personally, we found "The Tavern" a gorgeous and joyous dramatic joke.

"The Tavern" is attributed to one Cora Dick Gantt. Mr. Cohan has taken what is said to have been a humorless melodrama and set the whole works to jazz tune. We wont attempt to explain the plot. Frankly, it is beyond us. This mock melodrama is just plain fooling, but it is shriekingly laughable, and Arnold Daly, the principal performer, is delicious as the mysterious vagabond. Here is humor tinged with poetry. And Spencer Charters stands out of the mad Matteawan maze as the questioning hired man. You must see "The Tavern."

William Faversham brought forth his promised revival of Mark Twain's pleasant tale, "The Prince and the Pauper," with himself as the chivalrous Miles Hendon and Ruth Findlay in the dual rôle of Edward Tudor and Tom Canty. The new adaptation is by Amelie Rives.

The revival brought down a storm of praise from the critical coterie but somehow the whole "odd's bodkin" atmosphere seemed utterly unspontaneous to us. Of course, you know Twain's tale of the princeling and the beggar boy who look exactly alike and who change places on a lark. Then Fate puts the pauper on the English throne and drives the prince forth into the roystering byways of old London. Mr. Faversham has endeavored to catch the glamourous atmosphere and spirit of merry England. He engaged Rollo Peters to contribute colorful settings and threw himself with spirit into the effort.

But the result is just labored. Mr. Faversham comes nearest to transferring us back to the good old days but Miss Findlay falls lamentably short. There is no illusion to her performance. Most of the others are weak, too. The only thing that cheered us up the whole evening was a brooding desire to see Bert Savoy as the future Queen Elizabeth. If Mr. Faversham

(*Continued on page* 68)

MLLE. MARGUERITE

Ethel Plummer's Impression of the hit of "Honeydew"

Rida Johnson Young's charming little whimsy of Manhattan in 1810, "Little Old New York," is one of the pleasant stage things of the season

Above, Genevieve Tobin and Ernest Glendinning as the lovers of "Little Old New York." Miss Tobin plays an Irish lassie who masquerades as a boy, thereby winning the youth's heart without his realization. Adjoining, are two glimpses of other "Little Old New York" moments

SHADOWLAND Goes to the Theater

New York has seen nothing more colorful than the "Greenwich Village Follies." Above, Miss Plummer's impressions of Alden Gay and James Clemons; left, Margaret Severn in her dance of the Benda masks; left, Mlle. Phoebe and Ivan Bankhoff in the valentine interlude

The Toast o' London Town

Special Camera Studies
Copyrighted by E. O. Hoppe, of London

Mlle. De Lisle is the beautiful daughter of a well-known Roumanian statesman in London. She has been appearing with unusual success on the British stage, where her unique beauty made her a reigning favorite

Now Mlle. De Lisle has an offer to come to America—to appear in the cinema. The American motion picture is eternally seeking beauty, you know

My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler

THERE'S a magic in the air that only Christmas-tide can bring. A flavor of Yule logs crackling on wide hearths—of carols sung under frosty skies. There is a flavor too, of memories—memories of the Christmas mornings of early youth, when we wended our way across the snow to holly-decked churches where Christmas music blended with the chime of bells. Of old home customs, abundant well-wishing and good cheer—friendly faces, bits of gossip, gay jests and greetings.

Both photographs by Old Master's Studios

Top, Milgrim gown of black panne velvet with blue beads. Left, Milgrim Company suit of green velvet trimmed with braid. Hat from Dahlia Hat Co. Both posed by Elinor Fair

The Christmas spirit is in every hour of the day. Tho we may have migrated to crowded cities, to prosaic apartment houses—tho the spirit of cynicism and commerce seems to have crowded out the old time spirit of Christmas—yet in our hearts we are "carrying on." For a week, a day, at least—we forget our endless struggle for gain and glory, our contempt for sentiment—to rest tired eyes upon the

Photograph by Binger

wraps of Oriental, exotic splendor. Hats that frame the face with subtle flattery. Furs of deep and lustrous beauty. Novel and charming costumes suitable for winter resorts. Dainty lingerie — negligees of surpassing loveliness. A kaleidoscopic variety of fabric and adornment — a choice of lovely and interesting gifts that will bring joy to the recipient until another Yuletide.

LACE GOWNS

What is more appropriate for holiday festivities than the intriguing little lace gown of which there is a pronounced revival. Our mothers, when circumstances forced (*Continued on page* 64)

tiny bit of green that adorns our tiny room or flat, to send forth gladsome wishes to friends both old and new—to forget ourselves long enough to be concerned with the welfare of others—to renew faith with the ages under the magic spell of Christmas.

The very shops have the Christmas spirit. Their gaily adorned windows are showing gowns that reflect the artistry of Paris shops. Blouses that impart the chic and charm of expert modistes. Coats and suits that have the cut of Fifth Avenue. Evening gowns and

Top, French gown brocaded and embroidered with pearl and silver thread in scallop design. Imported by Bonwit Teller & Co. Posed by Mae Burns. Right lampshade of satin and taffeta ribbon and electric boudoir light with shade of warp print border and trousseau center ribbon. Courtesy of Johnson, Cowdin & Co.

POETRY

TO ONE AUTUMNAL PINE

By George O'Neil

How many autumns have you stood,
Before this autumn that is mine,
There brooding of the vanished wood,
O broken, isolated pine?

How many westward skies have bled,
Staining the cold dusk of your hill,
After the bravest birds had fled
And all the other trees grow still?

When you have sung so long in vain
What fine illusion can exist
To keep you lyrical for pain,
O undiscouraged lyricist?

PASTEL

By George O'Neil

Thru the last hour an oriole
Dipping the color for his song
From star-cups of nasturtiums
Spills it among the almond throng...

And the moon's snow-bladed simitar,
Tearing a cloud to shining threads,
Burns—smoke and silver—on your hands
Cooled by the light of lily-heads...

POEMS

By Le Baron Cooke

The strands of my poem
Have become snarled
In the labyrinth
Of my mind;
And all I can do
Is draw thin outlines
Of your profile
On the ivory-white paper
Before me.

In the Garden at Versailles

By Katherine Metcalf Roof

The wind passed over the garden,
Shaking the scent from the rose;
To the flowers in the age-old sunshine
It whispers as it goes:
"For what do you wait, O rose of gold,
Each year in the sun and the rain?"
"We wait, dont you know," the rose replied,
"For the Queen to come again."

The water-bells of the fountain
Fling high in fantastic play,
But the ladies in powder and patches
Are not walking there today.
Said the wind, "Where are your courtiers?
For whom do your waters play?"
"We dance," said the listening water,
"Lest the Queen should pass this way."

In the winding paths thru the yew-trees
The nymphs and gods still stand,
Frozen smile and soundless laughter,
Dancing foot and beckoning hand.
Said the wind to the laughing child god,
"Why wait they in sun and rain?"
"They dare not leave," said the god of love,
"Lest the Queen should come again."

WIND-FLOWERS

(For J. S.)

By John Drury

I

The curved white sharpness of the new moon
Lies low in the red west—
A lone shell
Cast up on the purple shore of twilight
By the out-going tide of sunset sea.

II

Fine-spun mellow gold,
Faintly-scented
And conceived into patterns
Of little artless curls,
Is your hair.
The unconscious gentle motions
Of your cool ivory hands
Are the gestures of wind-swayed slender
River-reeds.
And your face is delicate
As the pure soft lines
Of a white rose-petal.
Gold-white girl,
Your beauty is a subtle bow
That plays exquisite songs
Upon the tired worn-out strings of my heart.

III

White snow-flakes falling quietly
In the dark night.
Are you the little souls of soldiers
Straying from heaven
To remind us of the whiteness
Of their deaths?

IV

At times the soft music of your face
Caresses my heavy heart
Into a blossom of white ecstasy.

V

The notes of a rusty-colored robin
Dropping from the green cloud of a tree
On this quiet sunny afternoon
Are like so many pieces of gold.
Carelessly he spills them
Over the blue hall of the sky
And like a miser
Greedily my heart catches and hoards them.

VI

Green
Of early spring
Thru stark bare woods.
Subtly creeping, creeping,
Until it rises to a flood . . .
Was my love for you.

THE OFFERING

By George O'Neil

Someone has kindled fire: the sky was dark
The Gods were cold . . . now someone fans the blaze
And space is filled with glittering, the spark
Shatters and leaps into the lightless ways . . .

Un-numbered years this holocaust shall be
Feeding upon its fuel, torrid and bright,
Yet one small corner of eternity
Shall hold it for a little candle-light!

So everything must burn! but you and I
Are separate chalices for sacred flame;
We shall be consecrated when we die.—
The smoke of us shall have another name. . . .

THE ROSES OF PIERROT

By Thelma Stillson

A red rose for your lips, Pierrette,
And for your heart a white—
Nay, nay, Pierrot, I'd have your kiss
Before the dawn is breaking;
And see, a star to crown your hair,
And fill you with delight!
Your eyes are all the stars for me,
And oh, my heart is aching.

Come out, Pierrette, the moon swings low,
'Tis folly now to tarry—
Away, Pierrot, thy offering seems
Too poor a thing for taking;
The roses blossomed in my heart,
The star away I'll carry—
Pierrot, Pierrot, day stirs again,
And all my heart is breaking!

STUFF O' DREAMS

By Barbara Hollis

Mists that skim the purple hills,
Stardust in the blossoming field;
Clouds that ride
The sky-sea wide—
And soft warm lips that yield.

Moonbeams, patterned by the leaves,
Chirping life in tree and grass;
Hope that dies
When sun-waked eyes
Find evening's calm must pass.

Mists that shadow life's delights,
Stardust, glistening awhile;
Clouds above—
And ghosts of love—
And memories of your smile.

THE GEISHA

By Le Baron Cooke

I am very unhappy
In the house
Of my lover;
I feel like a spirit
Of disorder
In refined captivity,
And my heart,
Weary of pretence,
Cries for release
From the bondage
Of affection.

My Lady Fashion

(*Continued from page* 62)

them to limit the number of gowns in their wardrobe, used to depend largely upon a black lace gown for all sorts of occasions and we are finding out the wisdom of their example. They are made over a foundation of heavy black satin, which has superseded taffeta. Others are effective when made over cloth of gold. A few lace gowns are flounced in tiers and have train accompaniments, the skirts themselves not being very long. Velvet is also combined with lace for formal gowns.

The Raggedy Frock

Dresses—many of them—are as uneven at the hem as can be. Gone are the days when a skirt's chief accomplishment was to "hang well"; when a skirt that "hiked up" in front, back or side was certain evidence of bad dressmaking — the days when we stood first on one foot, then on the other, while the seamstress painstakingly pinned and unpinned the hem in our skirt. The American woman is following the example of the smart Parisienne, and the uneven outline, the frock with irregular, floating panels has been definitely adopted. This raggedy effect is especially noticed on frocks for afternoon and evening wear. These frocks are usually made of chiffon or crepe de Chine or even of soft chiffon velvet and the skirt is covered with waving, floating strips, petals and squares of the material, and attached to the gown with careless grace. These gowns have usually a simple bodice with round neck and are sleeveless, with a girdle of contrasting color and have an air of charming simplicity.

Winter Fabrics

Materials for winter clothes are very beautiful. Velvet, which in some way seems especially appropriate for the holiday season, has grown in popularity for day and evening wear. One new use is as a foundation slip to be veiled with embroidered net for evening gowns. The over-dresses are moderately or elaborately wrought with embroidery in colors, metal threads or beads. White velvet of choicest texture lends itself to some of the choicest scantily draped evening gowns.

While the colors for daytime are somewhat somber, we may indulge in the most beautiful vivid shades for the evening. This does not mean that our evening frocks are all of gay hues. The liking for black and white has taken a firm hold, and stately and beautiful dinner gowns are carefully wrought in combinations of black and white.

The dressmakers are now using crepe de Chine for the evening as well as daytime frocks. It sparkles with embroideries of silver and jet, which lends to it a dignity which it has not hitherto enjoyed. Formerly we associated it with the simplest of evening frocks, but now at the most formal affairs this silken fabric walks side by side with velvet, brocade and satin.

For daytime much use is made of broadcloth, velours and serges. For dressy street wear, suits and coats of any of the high grade wool velours and duvetyns are style leaders. Velvet shares popularity with them and some broadcloth has come to notice.

Collars Featured

The collar seems to be the most striking point of difference between the suits of last year and those of this winter. So far as the cut of the suits themselves is concerned there is so much latitude, it is difficult to pin one's faith to any one type. The straightline coat may be said to be most popular. The chief requisite of a collar is that it must be high. It may top a vest, muffle the throat and fasten in the back, or, it may flare in the back and at the sides. High collars of fur are thrown across the front while the back of the collar may be of cloth.

We may be expected to don high collars on dresses as well as on outer garments this season. They are component parts of the dress, not separate and adjustable. The collar is cut in one with the jacket or bodice when the material is suitable, otherwise it is the same as a deep or shallow yoke. Effective collars are made of sheer material like chiffon or silk crepe which is used for other parts of the dress in sleeves, facing or lining.

Trimmings Are Colorful

Black and dark blue are conspicuous in coats, suits and dresses, but many are relieved by trimmings of scarlet, green, blue or yellow, as well as with metal thread embroidery. Rust, russet, copper and scarlet are fancied; the red being used to enliven the dark street costume. Flame and salmon color are liked and shades of burnt orange, or the nasturtium colors are fancied for millinery and for contrasting uses on dark browns. Brilliant brocaded ribbons with metallic patterns supply a pleasing feature in a number of black dancing frocks and dinner dresses. These sashes are tied at one side of the front.

Plushlike fabrics are profusely used in lieu of fur. Most unusual are the effects obtained by the application of large plush flowers to suits and dresses. Enormous puffs of plush are used to form large collars, as well as to edge the bottoms of coats.

In contrast to these heavy trimmings are the airy French flower girdles that are worn on party frocks. Small dainty flowers such as moss-rose buds and marguerites are strewn along the edge of delicately tinted ribbons and the most exquisite color effects are obtained thru their use.

The Faults of the Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 55)

"I believe that something of a stage form must be applied to the movies, that the film playwright must concentrate upon the big moments and dismiss the minor things. This gives time to develop characters and show the reactions of the characters to each other in their small crises. In doing my story, 'Midsummer Madness,' we dismissed a big ball-room episode as entirely unessential and stuck to the actual character development of the principal protagonists. Then, too, we threw out many inessential characters, just as I did when I adapted my novel, 'Scandal,' to the stage. I was lucky, perhaps, in having so imaginative a director as William de Mille."

Mr. Hamilton went on to outline the film improvements as he foresees them.

"The author must actually collaborate with the producer. The ideal thing will be for him to write direct for the screen. Yet authors will frequently find certain of their stories, or portions of stories, ideally fitted to the films. The author, when selling his story, must say, 'I am going to follow this thru all its phases to the end.' Then he *may* have a good picture. The author who calmly sells a story and forgets all about it, looking upon its sale as so much velvet, deserves to have his velvet turn into a shroud.

"The author of the future will write his own titles, thus retaining his style. Indeed, the collaboration must be thoro. The writer must have a hand in the decorations, in the costumes, in the working out of the action and in the choice of players. Of course, he must know what will and will not 'get over.' But he must be a vital part of the production. Then—and then only—will movie audiences cease to be merely soothed or bored."

Mr. Hamilton believes that music is a neglected factor in the motion picture. "The composer of the score must work with the director during the making of the picture," he declares. "The incidental music must be in harmony and sympathy. Here is a tremendous dramatic aid utterly neglected.

"The need of a carefully worked out musical accompaniment is particularly vital in our present lavish film theaters. Here we have fine symphony orchestras, rendering admirable programs. Then, in the midst of the work of the best composers, appears the feature production with a cheap, hurriedly thrown to-

(*Continued on page* 71)

Letting yourself in for a good time!

Four from this family.

And four's *all*, or the line would be longer, because this little thing is unanimous:

Entertainment for the whole family, *undivided*, is Paramount Pictures' long suit.

A family more than five million strong every day.

Watch the happy *groups* at any good quality theatre tonight, any night, matinees, too: there you have the folks who know the secret!

Paramount is THERE with the good time—THERE at ten thousand and more theatres—are you keeping the date? And picking your pictures by *name?*

PARAMOUNT PICTURES listed in order of release

(November 1, 1920, to March 1, 1921)

George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"

*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. De Mille Production

Dorothy Gish in
"Flying Pat"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Heliotrope"

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Life of the Party"

Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"

Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"

Wm. S. Hart in
"The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

CONTINUED FROM FIRST COLUMN

*Enid Bennett in
"Silk Hosiery"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
Featuring Hope Hampton

Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"

George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of the Cup"

Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"

*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"

William De Mille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Paying the Piper"

Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of the Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"

Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost in the Garret"

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"

*Douglas MacLean in
"Chickens"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"

Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"

Ethel Clayton in
"The Price of Possession"

A Lois Weber Production
"What Do Men Want"

* A Thomas H. Ince Production

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Gen. Mgr. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
NEW YORK

Paramount Pictures

Who Are Our Six Leading Playwrights?

(*Continued from page* 43)

terous farces ever put together. Mr. Cohan, born almost in the theater, has given his whole life to the theater, and tho he seems to know little outside of it, which, of course, will render most of his work ephemeral, within its walls he is a devoted and accomplished craftsman whose popular success has stimulated many other workers to better and more skilful craftsmanship. He has played, and is still playing, an important part in showing our writers a way to handle native material in fresh, original and entertaining fashion. When I think how few plays on our stage, even twenty years ago, were native plays, about our own life, and then see the situation today, I realize anew how much the success of a man like Clyde Fitch and later of Mr. Cohan, had to do with this happy result. So I rank G. M. Cohan as one of our six leading dramatists.

There now remain two more to pick.

If it were on the merit of one striking performance, I should choose Eugene Walter, author of "The Easiest Way," for one of these places. But "The Easiest Way" was written almost fifteen years ago, and Walter has never lived up to the promise it gave. So I think we can hardly include him as a leader. Another man who is still very much alive and in possession of all his faculties, who a decade ago would have found a place in this list, is George Ade. "Artie." "The Sultan of Sulu," "The County Chairman," "The College Widow," were as fresh, as true, as amusing, in the theater, as are his fables on the printed page. Indeed, we have had no musical comedy libretto since, one-half so good as "The Sultan of Sulu." But Ade tired of the theater some years ago, and retired to his Hoosier farm. Perhaps he was never truly of the theater, and plays were a by-product with him (tho a tremendously profitable one!). At any rate, he has ceased entirely to be an influence in our playhouse, and it hardly seems that he has the right to be included in our list.

How about David Belasco? Belasco has unquestionably written (and rewritten) more plays than any other man in America. He has been at it almost half a century, too, nor has his knack yet failed him. "The Return of Peter Grimm," which Warfield is reviving this winter, has many merits. It is the fashion among the younger crowd to decry Belasco. I should be the last, however, to deny him the credit for all he has done for the American theater. He preserved, at a time when it stood sorely in need, the standards of acting, lighting, setting and general ensemble, on our stage. Yet I am afraid that as a dramatist pure and simple, his influence has been slight, or even reactionary. His work has been too tricky, too lacking in sincerity, too much a thing of tradition. Unlike Cohan's work, it has had no originality, no native tang. All his plays remind you of something else. So I rule him out from the list.

For the fifth place I incline to pick Edward Sheldon, because he has done good work, and enough of it to establish his possession of vitality. He began with "Salvation Nell" for Mrs. Fiske when he was scarcely out of Harvard, and he has written as serious an American drama as "The Nigger" and as popular a romantic drama as "Romance." Ill health has kept him silent of late, but we may, when he resumes writing, expect many more plays from his pen, which will surely have emotional body, and probably increasingly truthful observation of real life.

That leaves us with one more place to fill—and the hardest place. Who are some of the candidates?

Booth Tarkington? "Clarence" was a delightful comedy—but "Poldekin" this autumn was puerile drool. In "Clarence" only has Tarkington ever shown in his stage work that truthful touch he so often displays in his prose fiction. The bulk of his work for the theater is false, wooden, and ineffective.

Jesse Lynch Williams? Mr. Williams won the Pulitzer prize two years ago for his brilliant and intellectually satisfying high comedy, "Why Marry?" In some ways, this play is the best our stage has seen in a decade. But previous to this, Mr. Williams had produced only one unimportant play, and he has produced none since. He has hardly earned his right to be considered more than an incidental dramatist.

Rachel Crothers? Miss Crothers has written several plays of some distinction —"The Three of Us," "A Man's World," "Old Lady 39," for example. She has brought to the theater a woman's point of view, and held to it honestly and sturdily. I should say she was a strong candidate for number six. But before placing her there, we must examine the claims of two or three others.

There is, for instance, A. E. Thomas, who wrote twelve years ago what is still one of the best American fantastic comedies, "Her Husband's Wife." It has been acted in several European languages. Later, for Henry Miller, he wrote "The Rainbow," and for Ruth Chatterton, dramatized "Come Out of the Kitchen." His latest play, "Just Suppose," is now in New York. What distinguishes his work is a delicate, well-bred style, a vein of warm sentiment held in bounds by a keen sense of humor, and a gift for depicting people of good manners as a gentleman would see them —not a too common gift on our stage, by the way.

A third candidate is Frank Craven, the actor. Craven's chief dramatic works are "Too Many Cooks," produced some years ago, and "The First Year," now a popular success in New York. They are rather extraordinary plays, especially to come from an actor's pen, because actor-made plays are generally artificial, emphasizing "points" for the actor to make, rather than truthful character drawing from life. Craven's plays, however, are so quietly naturalistic that they seem quite artless. He takes a group of humble, middle-class, small-town Americans, who are crude, sentimental, but also shrewd and humorous, and shows them to us living their daily lives. It requires skill, and some courage, to do this. What I personally most like about Craven's plays is the fact that their author doesn't seem to be aware that he is doing anything unusual. He seems to be fond of these simple-minded, commonplace folk who form so large a part of America, and to think it quite the most natural thing in the world to make a play about them. Consequently, we share his interest and affection.

For this reason, then, I am inclined to rank Frank Craven in the leading six; but if any reader prefers Mr. A. E. Thomas or Miss Rachel Crothers, I shall not feel in the least offended if he makes the substitution.

Of course, it is understood that this is a list of living playwrights. If it were a list of all our native dramatists, past as well as present, it would have to include the names of Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, Clyde Fitch and William Vaughn Moody. That would crowd out all the living, save Augustus Thomas and Eugene O'Neill. However, the living have the future!

And mention of these writers who have gone before suddenly brings to my mind one living dramatist whom I have forgotten—William Gillette, author of "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes." How long ago it was that we youngsters thrilled at "Secret Service"; and, indeed, many playgoers today were still at their nurse's knee when "Sherlock Holmes" was produced. But, to tell the truth, Gillette's melodramas, capital entertainment as they were, didn't get our native stage much "for'ader." They marked no such advance in the truthful depiction of American life as did "Shore Acres," Herne's play, which was practically contemporaneous with "Secret Service," or the plays of Clyde Fitch which began to be appreciated at the time "Sherlock Holmes" was produced, or "The Great

(*Continued on page* 78)

THE CAR THAT MADE
STUTZ
GOOD IN A DAY
Stutz has not changed with each whim of fashion—its distinguished lines are stabilized
STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U.S.A.

Fantasy in German Futurist Films

(*Continued from page 47*)

Birth of the Golem," without making any concessions, so that he has been able to give the subject historical form and treatment. It is the story of an old rabbi, named Low, who formed a creature of clay into which he infused life by means of a secret formula wrung from the Cabala. This monstrous figure of clay became the rabbi's servile creature, the embodiment of his will, as it were. He desired the Jewish persecutions to cease and used this clay image to carry out his desire at the royal court. After it had accomplished this purpose, the rabbi turned his creature into a lifeless mass. But an ambitious pupil of the rabbi puts around its neck the Shem, containing the magic formula. The clay man comes to life; unrestrained and filled with malice combined with passion, he stalks out into the Ghetto. Nothing can check this newly awakened power for evil. One day, however, the Golem, having left the gloomy alleys of the Ghetto, comes to a sunny meadow on which are playing laughing, blonde Christian children. The giant takes one of these tiny creatures in his hands and lo—the child's hand disarms the giant. The child reaches out for the shining star, the Shem, hanging around the Golem's neck, pulls it off and the monster falls to earth, lifeless.

Professor Poelzig, architect of Max Reinhardt's newest theater, Das Grosse Schauspielhaus, is the originator of the extraordinary weird settings of this drama. It is mediæval Prague, the old, winding Ghetto, but not its actual representation. Poelzig gives impressions of reality in exaggerated forms, on a background of slanting roofs which have a sinister and threatening air. The tragedies of Golem take place in tiny cleft-like windows, desperate, dark passages and blind intricate alleys that lose themselves in a mad confusion of houses. Reality thus becomes fantasy in which the wildest happenings are possible. In a scene of the rabbi's enchantment, the spirit of Ashtoreth, in the form of a huge ghostly mask, (the work of young, modern Berlin sculptors), floats out as a spectral illumination. This legend was filmed by the Union Film Company, and the site where "The Birth of Golem" was staged lies on the arid sands of the Mark, a flat and ugly plain on the outskirts of Berlin.

Paul Wegener plays the part of the Golem. His young wife, the Czecho-Slovakian dancer, Lyda Salmonowa, impersonates the beautiful daughter of the rabbi.

The Decla Film Company, whose director, Julius Sternheim, for many years a journalist in America, was the first to try the experiment of bringing modern expressionistic methods into the film. This latest film, known as "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," is the blood-curdling story of a maniac. Dr. Caligari with his strange somnambulistic medium, Cesare, suddenly appears at a fair in a small town. The somnambulist, awakened out of a heavy sleep, by order of his master, foretells the future. During his sojourn, mysterious things happen in the little town. Sudden uncanny murders are committed, the bride of the narrator's friend is violated by an unknown person. Suspicion gradually falls on Dr. Caligari and his medium, but the somnambulist continues to sleep, lying motionless in the doctor's magic cabinet. After a thoro investigation, the police are convinced that the medium is not a living being but a cleverly made doll, that simulates sleep while the doctor himself is following the mysterious paths of crime; Dr. Caligari takes to flight. The young narrator follows him to the doors of the insane asylum where he finds that Dr. Caligari is director of the institution. He there ferrets out an old diary by means of which he imagines that he has established the identity of the criminal, Caligari. But it has all been illusion and aberration, for in this great asylum are seated the imaginary heroes of the story, the somnambulist, the murdered friend, the sad bride, and the director, Caligari, who were but the illusions of a delirious mind.

The Decla Film Company has endeavored to build up this adventure of a mad-house into a modern expressionistic film. The fact that all is illusion and unreality gives him wide latitude. The utmost use is made of these effects. Slanting, tumbling houses form the background, weirdly pointed shadows reach out into the street, forms lose outline and identity, and are shuffled together in what looks like a huddled mass. A mountain path winds straight to dizzy heights where sudden descents of stairs create a daring play of light and shade, and give a threatening aspect to the whole drama. And even the descriptive text appears in queerly distorted script. A world of complete unreality reveals itself, and the actors impersonating the main parts, Werner Kraus, in his fiendish make-up of Dr. Caligari, and Conrad Veidt as the lean spectral medium, Cesare, with great adaptability second this new experiment. Their gestures are sparse and contained. They discard the old detailed realistic methods of make-up and strive, by mere effects of light and shade, to bring out large simple outlines.

The settings that form the unreal, mysterious background to this story were designed by uncompromising young futurists in Berlin. The film was staged near Potsdam in the large studios of the Decla Film Company.

The public has now developed a taste for futuristic films, fantastic architecture, exotic plots, and eccentric acting. The large firms are beginning to rival one another to keep up with the public, which flocks to the latest futurist sensation.

The Critic

(*Continued from page 57*)

can arrange this, we will gladly romp back to see his production again.

John Galsworthy's "The Skin Game" is an interesting and worthy dramatic contribution. He has written more robustly, but he has never woven a more delicate or careful dramatic fabric.

On the surface, "The Skin Game" depicts the clash between class and the *nouveau riche* in a small British community; the inevitable combat between an aristocratic family—fine and sensitive on the surface—living a life of quiet in an ancestral home, and a pushing, unscrupulous, commercially ambitious barbarian newcomer from another neighborhood. One resents the other on the point of tradition, the stranger argues his case upon the plea of profound human needs. Class must give way before business. So the war quickly develops, with both sides stooping to use any weapons at hand. Bitterness and humiliation end the combat. As Mr. Galsworthy speaks thru one of his characters: "What is it that gets loose when you begin a fight and makes you what you think you're not? What blinding evil! Begin as you may, it ends in this —skin game! Skin game!.....When we began this fight, we had clean hands —are they clean now? What's gentility worth if it cant stand fire?"

Mr. Galsworthy has been said to be symbolizing the world war as a British liberal sees it. Indeed, this seems very possible. The established family is England, of course; the strident newcomer, Germany; while the end is as tragic as the war's outcome. But symbolism or no symbolism, "The Skin Game" is intriguing.

The cast of "The Skin Game" is admirably balanced.

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have the courage of their convictions to bring out the frail war farce, "French Leave," built around the clandestine visit of a wife to her officer-husband behind the Allied lines. How far off the war seems now! And this is thin comedy stuff. The one thing we remember is Dallas Welford's playing of the old corporal with his bitter hatred of Britain's "new" army.

"The Half Moon," the William Le Baron-Victor Jacobi musical comedy, is an entertaining and beguiling thing, such as we used to enjoy in our school days. It is just the sort of affair careful mommas pick out for their daughters.

How We Found the Secret of High Salaries

A Story of Two Girls Whose Salaries Suddenly Doubled

By ALMA BOONE

I REMEMBER the day I first went to work at Sutton's. I can see clearly again big, black-mustached Mr. Sutton, Jr., lolling back in a luxurious swivel-chair with a keen appraising look calmly and slowly taking me in from my head down to my feet and then up to my head again. I can hear his deep bass growl, too.

"Your story sounds all right," he conceded. "What's your salary?"

I had gone in intending to ask for $22 a week. Little enough for an expert typist, I thought. But the man was the kind you want to conciliate before you do any harm to him.

His eyes were fearfully steady; and so I looked at a convenient little mole on his chin and said timidly, "$20 a week, please."

His reply came quickly and absolutely without feeling, as it might have come from some great mechanical toy that answers to the touch of a button or the fitting of a key. "Eighteen's our figure."

Eighteen dollars a week! It was absolutely impossible. And yet I took it. I had been brow-beaten into it.

I worked for six months at Sutton's—won advancement, too. Or at least I thought I did: after five months I found $19 in my pay envelope instead of $18.

Then suddenly I asked for and received almost twice as much. Not in Sutton's, but that's not the point. In those six months I had attained something more than mere speed on the typewriter or a knowledge of Sutton's business. I had learned one of the big secrets of high salaries. My friend, Kate Turner, has learned the same secret in a little different way. But let me talk about myself first: I will get to Kate Turner a little later.

Suddenly I learned that in this world you get paid for your courage. I had $18 worth of courage when I went to Sutton's. That is why I received $18 a week.

And I learned that courage to a great degree starts from the outside and works inward. It is not always the courageous heart that wins your battles for you. Often it's courageous clothes.

You know what I mean perfectly well even if I do seem to say it a bit strangely. Have you ever, when you were dressed not quite so well as usual, felt self-conscious about your clothes? Have you felt that people were criticizing the fit of your dress or the style of your hat? Haven't you felt generally self-conscious and timid? Everybody does.

But when you are beautifully dressed, don't you actually long for people to look at you? And don't you feel braver and more capable? Don't you carry your head a bit higher, and don't you talk a bit more firmly?

Somehow, I always felt conscious that my clothes were not what they should be—always felt that way about my person, in fact. I wasn't ugly. It was something more even than a lack of distinction: I just felt my appearance did not create a favorable impression. And so I was uncomfortable about it.

Fashion Academy gave me the courage I needed. It was for a far different reason that I enrolled with Fashion Academy as a student in costume and millinery design. Everything was so expensive in the shops, dresses and suits and hats that my $18-a-week salary—mther the part of it that I could afford for the purpose—could not possibly have bought the limit of one fairly good dress and two hats in a season. And any one knows that a girl can hardly get along with so little. Prices showed no promise to come down, and yet something had to be done.

Kate Turner had enrolled as a student in costume and millinery design with Fashion Academy. Day after day she filled my ears with stories of the wonderful work she was learning to do, the beautiful original styles in dresses and hats that she was designing, and the marvelous finished dresses and hats that she was making after only a few lessons in her course. Then I saw her one Sunday in a dress and a hat of her own design and her own making. They were more than beautiful: they were simply stunning.

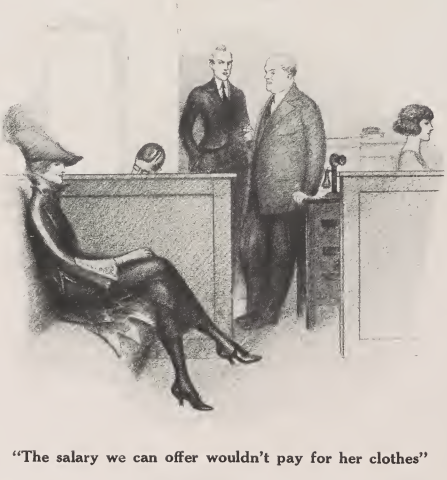
But when she told me that the two together had cost her just exactly $14.65, I was speechless. The two would surely have cost $45 in a shop.

"You don't mean $14.65 for a dress and a hat like those! I have never seen you so beautiful."

"Yes," she answered. "And the wonderful part about the whole thing is that I did it all at home in my spare moments. I don't think it was ever necessary for me to spend more than a total of two hours a week on my lessons. And the work was so fascinating that it always seemed I was not working at all."

That moment I was converted to Fashion Academy.

Just a little over a month later, I was making my own dresses and my own hats at a cost of one-third or one-fourth the prices asked in the shops.



"The salary we can offer wouldn't pay for her clothes"

But this story is supposed to reveal the secret of high salaries. I must get back to that.

After I had learned all the wonders of designing, after I had learned how to bring out every little point of beauty that I possessed by suiting the lines and colors of my dresses and hats exactly to my individual figure, my face, my complexion, the color of my eyes, the color of my hair, and my personality, I found that I was an entirely different person. My friends and acquaintances asked with sincere wonderment, "What have you done with yourself? You've got beautiful over night!"

But let me get back to the idea of high salaries. One day I felt I could no longer tolerate the boss's petty tyranny at Sutton's. I left.

Then I applied for another position. Curious, but somehow I did not feel at all frightened, as I had felt on that trembling first day in Sutton's. I felt distinctly at ease.

Suddenly the big secret came to me, the secret of high-salaries. For I overheard the conversation of two men in the inner office, and one said, "Why, we don't even dare offer her the position. The money we can afford to pay wouldn't buy her clothes."

Little did those two men know that I had designed and made my costume and my hat myself. Little did they know that the clothes I wore cost me much less than the ugly things I had worn when I applied for the position at Sutton's. But I knew then that people judge you largely on your appearance, and that employers expect to pay a high salary to a girl who is clothed in fine taste. And I knew, too, why it was that I felt so at ease. It was because I had courage, based on the confidence that my clothes were right and that I was making a good impression.

I made up my mind that very minute that from that time on I was going to demand the salary that my fine clothes entitled me to. I did not get that position, for they were unable to offer me what I suddenly made up my mind I was worth. But I did get a position the next day for $32 a week. I don't know whether my typing and my general ability are worth so much; but I do know that my appearance is, and I am sure that any girl can demand more salary than she is getting if she has the clothes to create the proper impression. On that first day at Sutton's I just had on a so-so dress and a so-so hat. When I applied for the new position I wore a dress and a hat whose lines and colors were designed to beautify me by suiting exactly my figure, my face, my complexion, my eyes, my hair, and my personality.

My appearance won me my opportunity, and now I am getting ahead with leaps and bounds.

Kate Turner made her way a little differently, and, to tell the truth, a bit more effectively. Shortly after she began to work on her Fashion Academy home-study course, she made up her mind that she would become a professional designer. She was influenced greatly by the wonderful letters from Fashion Academy graduates published in the Fashion Academy booklet given FREE upon request. One letter was from a Mrs. Kleist, who wrote to say that three months after her graduation from Fashion Academy she had earned $125 a week and, under the name of Miss Simram, had designed costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile). This letter is only one of a great many from Fashion Academy graduates reporting amazing success in the designer's profession.

Kate Turner is now engaged as a professional designer at a salary much higher than mine. And she finds the work so dignified and inspiring that she says it hardly seems like work at all.

You, too, right in your own home and during your spare moments, can easily and quickly earn to design beautiful, original dresses and hats. In about two hours a week of amazingly simple, fascinatingly interesting home-study lessons you can learn how to design and make for yourself dresses and hats that will make you appear more beautiful than you ever hoped to be. And these dresses and hats will cost you a great deal less than one-third of what they would cost in a shop.

Or you can follow the example of Kate Turner in Alma Boone's story and become a professional designer earning a magnificent salary.

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Motion Picture CLASSIC for February

FULL of fun and frills and fancies, merry with laughter, throbbing with life, enveloped with romance, is the February issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC.

Without directors there would be no pictures. Other things being even, a director can make or mar a picture. Stories of three directors whose work bears the golden seal of success will appear in February CLASSIC,—they are Frank Lloyd, the Goldwyn director; Dick Jones, the comedy director, and Henry King.

Of very special interest among the personality stories is that of

ELINOR GLYN

by Frederick James Smith

It is a delicately painted word picture of this author who typifies the new woman and the advanced thinker. Thru her daring, colorful novels, especially "Three Weeks," she has won recognition far and near.

Harry Carey, artistic interpreter of Western rôles, is interviewed by Maude Cheatham; Rubye de Remer, by Gladys Hall.

The personality story of Lowell Sherman, he-vampire of the screen, will hold a strong attraction for the many who have come under his magnetic spell.

Irene Marcellus, the Ziegfeld beauty, who has just signed a contract with Marshall Neilan,—and Harriett Hammond, the Sennett star, said to be the most beautiful girl on the screen, are the subjects of most fascinating interviews in the February number of CLASSIC.

The artist has painted, the writer created and the celebrities granted interviews, that the readers may enjoy the finished product in

The February Issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC

SUPERFICIAL loveliness is never beauty unless it contains some hint of the individuality that lies beneath the surface. Mere prettiness may attract, but it never can compete with the glorious beauty of the woman whose intellectual growth or rare emotional life has etched into her face some kind of character.

It may be true that the professional woman retains her youth and beauty longer than the one who is not professional. But it is not necessarily because one takes better care of herself than the other. Beauty comes from way down deep where things are real—and the professional woman gives her emotions and imagination an opportunity to expand and enlarge just as religiously as she gives her lungs fresh air and her skin its coating of cold cream.

We are not speaking of psuedo-emotions—hysteria, irritability, nervousness—which are not emotions at all. These are mental illnesses and inevitably prove the ruination of beauty. Lines of beauty are those that come with mental growth—not the discontented lines which result from an unhappy or abnormal condition. Of course, the woman who continually affects placidity is as bad as the one who lets her face become a chart on which are recorded all her unlovable traits. Evenness of disposition sometimes conceals a mental vacuum. But there is a happy medium.

And to acquire—to preserve—lines of beauty?

A famous French beauty authority was asked the most important thing for a woman to consider in her quest for beauty.

"Intelligent care of the skin," she said, quickly. "And, first in importance, skins must be taken young and given daily care, which most Americans are too busy to do. They live so fast. Everything is at high tension. Rather than take a little time each day, they neglect the skin until illness, worry, lack of sleep, the strain of everyday living has resulted in sluggish circulation, lost tone and elasticity. And then—they try to repair ravages with a dab of rouge, a layer of powder, the inevitable crème. Too many young girls ruin exquisite complexions by the frightful use of cosmetics, used in the most obvious way. A young girl should not need these things, except, perhaps, a bit of pure powder, the merest touch of color.

"The skin should be cultivated, nurtured, protected, given individual care. A beautiful skin is a healthy skin—and that means right living, daily baths, fresh air, sufficient sleep—a foundation—then, its own individual lotions, powders and crèmes."

The famous French authority speaks truly. With the advance of hygienic knowledge, intelligent women have come to realize what an important part health plays in the attainment of physical beauty. They are realizing that the observance of hygienic laws results not only in renewed vigor but also clears and brightens the complexion and eyes, adds elasticity to the step, and the goddess of health is having a tremendous increase in the number of her followers.

The well-groomed woman proclaims to the world the care she devotes to her body. That care must be unremitting, goes without saying. A few minutes each day of prevention are worth ever so many hours of cure. If one is fortunate enough to possess a clear, beautiful and faultless complexion, it is a much more simple matter to retain it by keeping it nourished and stimulated before it shows signs of neglect than after.

Plenty of fresh air by day and night, the daily warm bath followed by the cold shower is the surest way of obtaining and retaining a skin that is pure and soft, and flesh that is firm and sound. And then, as a dainty woman strives to express her personality by using an individual perfume, so does the woman who seeks to preserve her charm study the texture of her skin. Skins are highly individual. There are dry skins and moist ones, thick skins and those of a thinness. Skins with

(*Continued on page* 78)

New Fame and Fortune Contest Opens

The business of discovering lights hidden under a bushel and preparing them to illuminate the screen, of finding flowers in desert places and bringing their youth and beauty to the silversheet has been concluded for the year 1920. And a new Fame and Fortune Contest has begun for 1921.

The interest and enthusiasm of the new contest has, partly for its basis, the great success of the preceding contest. The revelations made in the contest prove the vast number of beautiful women and attractive men of America, and many were the charming personalities discovered. Among these there were a number of young ladies who stood out prominently because of the possession of unusual grace and loveliness, also a few young men who have reason to aspire to successful screen careers.

Corliss Palmer, of Macon, Ga., whose flawless features and graceful carriage marked her as an exceptionally lovely girl, proved in her camera tests that she screened perfectly, so she was declared by the judges to be winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest.

With absolutely no theatrical or motion picture experience, and not the least dramatic training, this Southern girl came to New York to enter the contest. She was unconscious of possessing beauty to any marked degree and thought that among the many contestants from all over the United States she could not have the faintest chance to be a winner. However, she had high anticipations of a pleasant trip to the big city.

Yet among the thousands of contestants from far and near, despite the exquisite gowns and artistic photographs of the many, Miss Palmer's beauty glowed in her simple frocks and her supremacy was undeniable. Her first camera test was gratifying. Nevertheless, many more tests were made, and under the most trying conditions, until there could be no doubt that she screened wonderfully, even emerging victorious from the most difficult emotional scenes.

The judges were men and women of the most discriminating taste and thoro knowledge of the requirements of the screen, whose names are known everywhere, — Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

When making the tests, they were not satisfied with the first camera results of most of the contestants, but were delighted with the exceptional merit displayed by the first test of Miss Palmer. The additional tests were made to prove there was no mistake in their decision.

"Ramon, the Sailmaker", a five-reel feature, was being prepared for production at the time, with Orville R. Caldwell in the leading rôle. Miss Palmer was immediately given the leading female rôle in this picture. She is five feet five inches in height, while Mr. Caldwell is six feet three inches. They are a well matched pair and win the appreciative admiration of all spectators. Mr. Caldwell has already won laurels in the unique rôle of leading man in "Mecca" at the Century Theater in New York.

Also appearing in the picture are other contestants. Miss Allene Ray, who came out second, has an attractive rôle. Interviews of Corliss Palmer and Allene Ray will appear in early issues of the three Brewster Publications.

The Fault of the Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 64)

gether score. Result—the picture, which should be the feature of the program, falls.

"Another weakness is photography. We often hear that the photoplay's greatest advance has been here—but I doubt it. True, the obvious side of nature has been photographed. But the real elusive beauty has not been caught. Take, for instance, the sun breaking thru the mists of early morning or the moving shadows of dusk. Actually, directors seem afraid of God's sunlight, preferring illumination of their own designing, *via* the electric wire."

STRANDS

By Norine S. Wintrowe

I am a strand in Life's braided skein;
You and Love are, too,
Starting each from a different place,
I from a spot that lacked Love's grace,
Love, from the sport of Dian's chase,
And from earth's garden, you.

Wandered the three paths long apart,
Thru woodlands cool and fair,
But where the wood and meadow meet
Love came first, and his singing sweet
Drew us, wondering, to his feet,
And Life was with him there.

One more braid to be woven close—
Love held out his hands.
You gave yours and I gave mine,
He clasped both, and a light divine
Cleft the trees of the woodland shrine
As Life took up the strands.

THE POET

By Le Baron Cooke

The poet could not understand
Why his parents,
Who were aliens to him,
Were chosen to bring him
Into existence,
Unless to give him
A better perspective
Of human nature.

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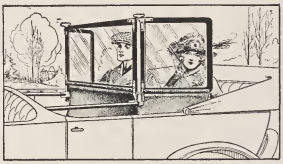

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Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(*Continued from page* 50)

thus given he kept as his dearest treasure in a little casket. Years afterwards, when he was old and lonely and his only companions were his memories and his pearls, he showed the casket to an expert who should determine the value of these gifts of love. However, it was found that no more than one of these pearls were genuine. All the others were nothing but tawdry imitations."

Monsieur looks, triumphantly, with a slight *air* of malice at Madame, but Madame shakes her head. "The story is not bad," she says, "and it is even almost true, only you tell it wrongly. Let me give you my version: A man, who had had many mistresses, had a strange habit. In the supreme hour of happiness, when the woman who loved him was foolish enough to believe herself very close to him, he begged of her the gift of a pearl. One single pearl he asked as a symbol of their tender passion, as a token of their ardent love. Years after, when he was old and lonely, he played with the pearls, and he remembered and he wondered. What value did they really possess? Were they not symbols of something spurious, of a love that was merely a clever imitation? Had not he himself given tinsel for gold and cheated all these women of their fairest dream? He called an expert to examine the pearls, and lo! tho most of them were cheap imitations, nevertheless one was found to be genuine and, in its white preciousness, it shamed his heart."

Monsieur hears Madame's version and smiles. "Very feminine," he says, "and rather clever, yet the difference lies merely——"

"The difference," cries Madame, "lies in the choice of the conjunction, in the *however* and the *nevertheless*. And, by the way, do you know that these conjunctions are symbolic of the difference of our own natures, a difference in our whole outlook, a difference in our final response to life? Where you say *however*, I say *nevertheless*. Fate comes to you with hands full of gifts, and you take them and turn them over and judge them and condemn them, and you say in the end: 'These things are quite nice, and probably not without value; however, it will not do to make too much of them!' While I, when the fickle goddess allows me but a poor substitute for something sweet and desirable, I say, defiantly and gaily, 'Tho I am cheated again of the gift due me, nevertheless will I cherish the old brave hope!' Ah, and not only to Fate—even to me you say constantly with the hardness of a pitiless heart, 'However,' while I answer back courageously and wistfully, 'Nevertheless'!"

"You misunderstand," explains Monsieur. "My *however* is neither so contemptuous nor so hard and pitiless as you try to make it. It is rather sad and resigned. It is the word of those whose life is a compromise. Not having the right to give up, they are forced to give in; and what else is left than to say *however?*"

Madame considers the answer somewhat pensively.

"You may be right," she admits, "yet even so do I prefer the defiance of my *nevertheless* to the acquiescence of your *however*. *Nevertheless* is the romance, the poetry, the golden glamour of life. It is what the old French poets called so charmingly *le bel espoir*, the fairest hope, which, in the end, is perhaps fairer and sweeter than the real fulfilment. It is the cry of a heart that would not be defeated; it is the gay and spirited challenge of a beautiful, lost cause. Compared with it, your *however* is small, drab and humdrum. When one is old and settled, when one has lost the zest of life, love and adventure, when one sees men and matters merely as they are, then one says, *however*. But while one is still young, while the possibilities of the impossible still seem enchanting, while the lure of the road is still full of magic, while one sees things and people as they are not and never will be, and yet, in some subtle sense, perceives in this wise the only true picture of them, one says, *nevertheless*. It is the most ringing of all words, and it is my word. Even if everything is taken from me, I shall still cry, *nevertheless*."

"But," explains Monsieur, "beautiful as the word may be and full of meaning as you make it, yet is *nevertheless* perhaps not the true and only answer to life. From a purely philosophical point of view *nevertheless* is not quite right——"

"But," insists Madame, "*however* is utterly wrong, and if I have the choice between something 'not quite right' and something 'absolutely wrong' how can I hesitate?"

"Well, have it your way," says Monsieur. "But look here, while we were discussing a nice point in conjunctions, the fire has burned down. Dont you feel chilly?"

"Why, yes, come to think of it, I do," confesses Madame; "my hands, my face, I believe my very heart is chilled. What a pity that our pretty fire burned down so quickly."

"I will ring for the maid," suggests Monsieur, "and she can build a new fire for you."

But Madame waves this suggestion impatiently aside. "No," she decides, "the new fire that shall warm me, I will build all by myself. Carefully will I lay stick upon stick, patiently will I wait and screen the tiny sparks with my own hands, steadily will I breathe upon them my very soul, and in the end the red wonder of a really glorious flame will be my reward!"

"However," warns Monsieur, "you might burn your fingers."

"Nevertheless," comes the gay retort, "I shall try." And in his heart he knows that hers is the true wisdom.

A SUIT OF ROMAN ARMOR

By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

He is moldered, the soldier who wore you;
He is dust of Rome's eloquent dust,
Who proudly and loyally bore you
Till death came on a lance's swift thrust.
You are far now from Rome and her lovers;
A land that he knew not, your home;
But about you and in you still hovers
The pride of invincible Rome.

You followed the call of the tuba,
Tho it led you to faraway lands;
You marched thru the kingdom of Juba,
In the hot Mauretanian sands.
You guarded the gardens of Iol,
With lilies of Egypt close-grown,
Where, after the triumph and trial,
Selene came young to the throne.

You strode with Augustus's legions;
You floundered thru marches and moors;
Stood sentry in drear desert regions;
Kept vigil on desolate shores;
Reflected the gleam and the glamor
That were Rome's, in the years of her prime,
When the echo was heard of her clamor,
In each uttermost Nubian clime.

Caligula, Claudius, Nero—
They are mold of Rome's eloquent mold,
And mold the adventurous hero
Who wore you in battle of old.
You are far now from Rome and her lovers,—
A modern museum your home,
But about you and in you still hovers
The ghost of Imperial Rome!

SONG OF HOPE

By Le Baron Cooke

Time will bring us, only wait,
All the sought-for to our hands,
He the server of all fate,
From his mystic lands.

Time will bring us love unstored,
Thru his process made divine,
And our hearts can then afford
Life's most precious wine.

Howland: Artist-Comedian

(*Continued from page* 44)

Leonard and Olin got to the first dressing-rooms ever allotted them an hour early on the night of the performance. They practised with their make-up and frantically did everything in the world of grease-paint to make themselves look the terrible parts they were to play. Blue, brown, green went under the eyes, purple down the cheeks, orange around the nose. The curtain went up, they went on, in cerise tights; everybody on the stage tittered, Mme. Bernhardt looked around—and *shrieked*.

Olin lost his job. But regained his mind. He believed he never had been meant to be an actor anyway, so he unearthed his easel and paints, packed his belongings, and came to New York.

For two years he was a pupil of the Art Students' League on 59th Street. Then he apprenticed himself to some sort of china painter for five dollars a week and, when he heard from a friend that Lew Fields, who was getting together the company of "The Midnight Sons," was willing to pay eighteen dollars to chorus men, because, even at that date, rents, paints, and laundry were beginning to rise, inspiration dawned and concentration flew. Olin joined the chorus.

He didn't relinquish his painting. Only the other day, I saw a portrait he had made of Clifton Webb's mother, on those mornings when eighteen dollars meant a little leisure, and hot breakfasts injected a little pep.

After that he played in the Winter Garden company. At the end of the second year in Chicago, he met Lubovska and arranged a special dance act. So, with a program of eccentric numbers, the two appeared at Long Beach as "Le Beau and Lubovska."

Lubovska left after a while, to try her toes at solo work, so Olin found a new partner in Cynthia Perot. These two danced at Shanley's until Olin was summoned for the second company of "Watch Your Step" and was sent on the road in Vernon Castle's part. One can barely see the resemblance between that and the hick Bub's part in "Leave It to Jane." But fate had this in store for him and it was as *Bub* that Olin really *arrived* in New York.

After this he played in "Linger Longer Letty" and "What's in a Name." He has found time to play in motion pictures. He is not at all happy with being "established as a Broadway comedian." He will never rest content until he has had a taste of Shakespeare, I imagine, or Tolstoy. Versatility is his creed.

WHY?

By Le Baron Cooke

Why is it when my friends speak
Their words are rarely ever heard.
And yet before *you* whisper
I seem to sense each thrilling word?

Become an Artist

Get into this fascinating business NOW! Enjoy the freedom of an artist's life. Let the whole world be your workshop. The woods, fields, lakes, mountains, seashore, the whirl of current events—all furnish material for your pictures. With your kit of artist's materials under your arm you can go where you please and make plenty of money. Your drawings will be just like certified checks!

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Mihail Mordkin Ten Years After

(*Continued from page* 13)

he seems to have conquered her. In celebration of his victory, he drinks a cup of wine, but Aziadé has poisoned it and he dies.

The music for "Aziadé" was written by Jules Giutel, a Czech composer who is finding much favor now in Russia, and it has the distinct advantage of being written expressly for use as part of the ballet. Like the scores of Igor Stravinsky for the best of the ballets in the Diaghileff repertoire, it follows the action intimately and the resulting emotional effect is heightened appreciably. Goloff, a contemporary painter, fashioned the curiously passionate scenery in which the triangle effect so prevalent in Russian art and design is carried to a nerve-shattering pitch. And Margarita Froman, who came to this country with Diaghileff, and who is at present Mordkin's partner, danced the rôle of Aziadé, without Pavlowa's technical command, but with a sense of abandon and a winning personality.

In addition to this and other brief ballets—as ballets go in point of length in Russia—each of Mordkin's programs is completed by ten or a dozen divertissements, after the manner which Pavlowa made popular here and which Adolph Bolm has hit upon for his programs in this country. It is in these short snatches of dance-drama that Mordkin shows his versatility and ingenuity to greatest advantage, and in his southern exile he is said to be forced to depend on these almost entirely.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of Mordkin's work in Moscow was his collaboration with producers at other theaters where a dance was a vital part of play or pantomime. His most successful and significant work in this direction was done for the Kamerny Theater, the citadel of the post-impressionists, the futurists and the cubists in the drama. His guiding hand was in evidence thruout the droll antics of Debussy's little nursery pantomime, "The Box of Toys," which the Kamerny used for matinee. But his most brilliant work was done for the cubist interpretation of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," in which Alexander Tairoff and his associates have most completely realized their aim to make the theater expressive of both the warm intimacy of drama and its more purely formal nature. Mordkin's contribution to this astonishing production, of course, centered in the Dance of the Seven Veils, in which Alice Koonen, the Kamerny's leading actress, carries the passionate import of the tragedy to a peak of emotional power just short of the spectator's limit to endure, but his hand was seen again in the orgy with the head of Jokanaan, which succeeds the dance and which stretches the emotions, already roused by the dance, to the very edge of the breaking point.

Mordkin as a personality is just as eager and impetuous as he is an artist. During the intermission at his performance at the Soviet Opera House, I went back stage to meet him, and before I could utter a word, he had my hand in a vise and was informing me decisively, but with unmistakable cordiality, that he could not speak much English. What he could speak, however, I found had the clarity and the authority of everything he does. His English is no half-language, no uncertain muttering. It is as positive as the verdict of the umpire at a baseball game.

We talked of his desire to return to America and the uncertainty of travel, until he had to leave to prepare for the next part of the program. After the performance I saw him again, and I shall never forget his eagerness and his earnestness as he came toward me, hands overflowing with photographs of his players and scenes from his productions. Those of Mme. Froman, his partner, and of Kandaourova, one of the reigning favorites of the ballet in Moscow, he showed me with keen and boyish interest, but none of himself. When I asked for them, I found they were in the bundle, but he had refrained, with a fine Russian sense of restraint, from picking them out for display. I started to choose a few from the pack, and when he realized what I was doing, he shoved them all into my pockets as he bade me goodnight. Evidently, he has learnt by experience how helpless the American critic is without photographs.

Next day at noon I was to visit him at his studio. Down in the Petrovka, in the heart of Moscow, I found it, but set well in from the street in one of those courtyards that fill in the center of the huge Moscow squares, affording an air of seclusion even a step from the busiest thorofares. Music and the mood of the dance told me I had found the place, even before I could spell out the Russian of the brass name plate on the door. Once inside, I had to crowd past the innumerable and bulky Russian winter outergarments of the pupils, the rhythm of those at work I could hear as I waited. In a moment I was ushered thru the large room where a class was in progress to the study where the dancer had his books, his pictures and his desk. He was ready for me ahead of my appointment—a thing almost unheard of in go-as-you-please Russia—and just as active and impulsive mentally and physically as he had been under the stimulus of a cheering, shouting audience the night before.

There is some discussion inside Russia and out, concerning Mordkin's fundamental qualities as an artist and his rank among the other great dancers of the ballet. The matter of rank should not be pushed to a definite conclusion, for the

(*Continued on page* 76)

Fitzgerald, Flappers and Fame

(*Continued from page* 39)

Yes, I put it all up to the intellectuals like Wells.

"Personally, I prefer this sort of girl. Indeed, I married the heroine of my stories. I would not be interested in any other sort of woman."

We asked Fitzgerald about motion pictures. "I used to try scenarios in the old days," he laughed. "Invariably they came back. Now, however, I am being adapted to the screen. I suspect it must be difficult to mold my stuff into the conventional movie form with its creaky mid-Victorian sugar. Personally, when I go to the pictures, I like to see a pleasant flapper like Constance Talmadge or I want to see comedies like those of Chaplin's or Lloyd's. I'm not strong for the uplift stuff. It simply isn't life to me."

The Movies and Arnold Daly

(*Continued from page* 33)

ing theater nowadays. Another minor reason is the continual change of scene in films. One may shift from the Arctic Circle to the Sahara in the flash of an eye —and one invariably does.

"The principal reason is psychological. It is briefly this: every observer is either a conscious or an unconscious author of the story he is witnessing. He sits in front of the screen and supplies the dialog and even the color of scene. The director really only contributes something —a skeleton—upon which the audience exercises its imagination, furnishing the real substance, and this exercise has meant the success of the photoplay. It is a fact that the screen play leaves most of the play to the audience.

"Remember the failure of the talking pictures. If it had been mechanically perfect, it would have destroyed the film drama because it would have eliminated imagination at one stroke. So, too, will the possible development of color. Thomas Edison is a dear, kind old gentleman, but I wish he would stop experimenting with the color camera. He simply does not understand the theater. The photoplay must go on voiceless and colorless or it will simply become a cheap imitation of the stage.

"I will not say that it will develop into an art. But it is now a means of story-telling—and nothing more. What it may become remains to be seen.

"The big trouble right now is that button-hole makers still pass judgment on scenarios. The situation is simply funny. Particularly when you see the present screen average of scenario childishness. It was George M. Cohan who recently described the photoplay as 'fun in a photographic gallery.' Rather neatly turned, I think."

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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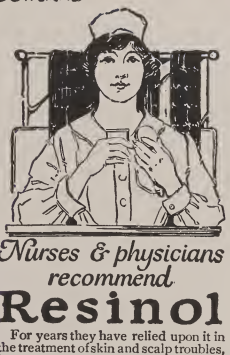

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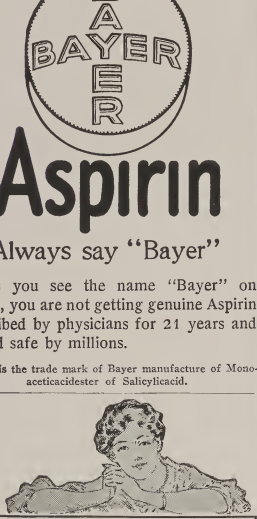

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Mihail Mordkin Ten Years After

(*Continued from page* 74)

individual gifts of each of the leaders are so distinctive that comparison is both difficult and dangerous. No one else, for instance, possesses the keen sense of the dramatic—especially of the uncanny and the weird—which inheres in all of the work of Nijinsky. No one else has the sense of finesse and the power to carry it into an exalted moment of imaginative abandon as has Bolm in "Prince Igor." Mordkin's eager and electrical personality, coupled with perfect technical command, colors his work most highly, and it is probably his excess of vitality at times that has given rise to the impression that he is not always so self-contained as an artist should be.

Why doesn't Mordkin come back to America and make the most of the reputation he left behind him a decade ago? Well, there are answers and answers, but I know of none so plausible to a Russian, tho it may be a bit incomprehensible to us, as one which occurred to me after I had been talking with Bolm.

"Sometimes," said the younger man in his apartment here in New York, "I feel that I am fortunate to be here in America, where there is food in plenty and a regular and orderly existence. And yet there are times when I think back to the freedom which Russia, even under the Tsars, always gave her artists, and then I wonder whether I would not be happier back in Moscow or in Petersburg, on the edge of starvation, it might be, but with a real opportunity, unhampered by low standards and hurry and a vicious commercialism, to do the real things on which an artist must feed if he is to live and create."

The uncertainty and difficulty of life in Russia, outside the Soviet pale as well as inside it, lends possibility to Mordkin's return to America. It would not be surprising if his high regard for us should bring him back to our shores, unexpectedly and without the heralding trumpets which his genius deserves.

The Dance

(*Continued from page* 53)

must be a sense of decorative values so that the body always preserves lines of artistic grace. One can barely suggest these illusions of the dance in words, they can only be translated in movement.

Probably the reader may begin to realize the difficulties of this art by this time, for this is only the crude outline of the work. There follows, after these rudimentary facts have been mastered, the most important phase of the dance, its emotional expression. This in dancing is even more difficult than in acting. Mimicry, the art of imitation is not enough. There enters into the art of the dance the gift of pantomime. In classic feeling the dancer may symbolize in poetry of movement the imaginary story of a flower, for instance, as in my ballet of "Autumn Leaves." It is a choreographic poem in one act, the story of a chrysanthemum caught in the boisterous autumn wind bent on its destruction. This wind dashes the chrysanthemum across the grass, covering it with autumn leaves. A poet strolls into the park and attempts to rescue the flower from the wind, but it tears it away from him. He seats himself to read and a girl sits down beside him, whereupon he forgets all about the chrysanthemum, which is finally buried by the swirling leaves of autumn. This is a tragedy of the dance, its emotional expression is something more than acting, it is an abandon of feeling that I freely give. Only by such abandon can the body interpret in pantomime an emotional meaning.

The composition of "Autumn Leaves," I based on Chopin's music, because his is the melancholy mood of savage theme. In composing any story for the dance there must be a theme-movement, for no art expression can otherwise be conceived. This movement predominates, around and about it the pantomime is constructed. The emotional symbolism of the ballet story is emphasized by appropriate color schemes, by variety of movement in the *ensembles*. I myself compose my own steps and movements. These are all worked out at first mathematically and then put together at rehearsals. And still, there is one other necessity to be considered in the composition of the pantomime, and that is the proper mood in which it is all clothed.

I am fortunately able to find each varying mood of my ballet, to such an extent, in fact, that I lose my identity in the dance characterization. The change comes over me in my dressing-room and it lasts to the end of the character composition.

The dance is an exacting art, the culture in it is its chief reward.

SONG OF EXPERIENCE

By Le Baron Cooke

I did not seek the stars,
I but asked for bread;
But the listening gods
Sent me Love instead.

But when I sought the stars,
With expectancy,
I found the gods stone deaf
To a beggar's plea.

THE HUSH

By Betty Earle

It was a hush that folded like a flower
And awed away all anger quietly,
And long before your dear low voice of power
Brought comfort or forgiveness, I was free;
For in that hush I held my little hour,
And in that hush God's heart beat once for me.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

The phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND has firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reaching in its power, should be started immediately for the year 1921.

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The Wreck of Logic and the Crash of Darwins

(*Continued from page* 45)

is subject and object—or a brain and a world, a perceiver and a thing perceived—there will be antagonism. A universe divided against itself may stand forever, but it will never arrive at a common "truth," for there is no common ground on which object and subject can meet except the Absolute, which abolishes the seeker and the thing sought. The irrational, the antagonistic, the ironical, the paradoxical, will reign on the Olympus of metaphysics while the universe is what it is.

The "law of causation" is a myth, as David Hume long ago pointed out. But it is a necessary myth, a working lie, a beneficent illusion—like free will, heaven and hell, providence and the other creations of Maya, the eternal hopesmith. It is the Irrationalists who are ever widening the breach in the "law of causation." The dikes of "law" are crumbling and the waters of Chance are flowing in from the open.

As no two bodies ever touch, so no one thing can be said to directly precede another thing in the order of time. "Cause and effect" is merely a working hypothesis. Between a cause and an effect there is an unknown land, a "space," an intercalated something where the contingent, the unforeseen, the fortuitous lurks. It is the kingdom of Radium. Here in this no-world's-land Chance is king. The irony of history, the irony of the life of each individual is nothing but the perpetual incursion of this unknown quantity, the Unforeseen, into the world of plan and purpose. All economical, political and religious programs fail because of the belief in a rational, ordered future. The future is not like a military road, but is like a pattern in a carpet woven by Puck and Mephistopheles. Literature must go *backward* to glory.

The brain is rational, but the brain is the antithesis of Life. Thought is mathematical, organized; but Life is unmathematical, unorganized. Two and two make four in the subconscious or in the superconscious. Certainty is the supreme error of consciousness. The subconscious, the irrational, mock and grin at the sorties of the Brain into the Infinite. All the brains in the world amalgamated would not produce sufficient phosphorus to light up a square inch in the Cimmeria of the Unknowable. The quantity and quality of intelligence on this planet is unchangeable, while the unconscious is perpetually adding to its domain—just as the dead of the earth outnumber the living a billion to one, and the ratio widens with the minutes. Only a few ever reclaim an inch of earth from the eternal swirl. They are men of transcendent wills, and their triumphs are only momentary.

To the pyre with Euclid, Jevons, Newton and the rest of the pontiffs of Abracadabra! Bog-light, be thou my pole-star! Impulse, be thou my compass! Hoist sail for the land of Prester John, where all things are unreal, topsy-turvy, irrational, indefinite, unreasonable, unstable. I will what I will. Seize the emotion of the minute and loot it with lips, heart, and brain. Squeeze the color out of it; suck the thought out of it; strike on it like a keyboard. All great literature must readjust itself to this movement.

There is no unity but the unity of each sensation, of each emotion. What has intelligence done for the race but broken spontaneity on the wheel of logic? Every thought is the requiem for a dead emotion. We are bathtub Neptunes and vaudeville Jupiters. The arteries of the irrational will of man have been slashed by the knives of reason and the red blood is soaking into the moving sands of time.

Cut down the sacred Bo-tree of science with its mock oranges and stuffed nightingales! Those winged cows of culture that we have mistaken for Pegasus—hurl them from the temple!

The blazing constellations in the Zodiacs of the Irrational are calling us, and up the sun-shaft of the ages we go dancing the frenetic dance of the atoms. We go like gods sweating stars, chanting a *Te Deum* to Chance.

Who Are Our Six Leading Playwrights?

(*Continued from page* 66)

Divide" of William Vaughn Moody, which remains even today the most distinguished drama yet written in this country, and had a great influence in turning toward the theater the attention and interest of our universities and our more fastidious literary workers. If I have forgotten Gillette, it was because, after all, he does not belong on our list. If I have forgotten any others, I shall plead the same alibi!

Lines o' Beauty

(*Continued from page* 70)

large, unsightly pores, those of satin smoothness.

The subject of creams and lotions is an important one. All creams are not good for every complexion. A certain cream may be the ruination of one person's skin, just as water is to another. The dry skin must be fed and nourished, the excretions of the oily one must be removed. Milady will take care also in the choice of kind of powder she uses. If a powder is chosen that answers the needs of the skin she will be benefited. Instead of drying or clogging the pores, the powder will feed and protect.

Every woman is endowed by nature with certain charms of contour and complexion. It is silly and selfish not to use the ounce of prevention before the wear and tear of life begins to exact the pound of cure. It is essential to observe the laws of health to attain beauty; to choose the right soap, cleansing cream, astringent lotions, skin food, powder, nourishing oils, to preserve beauty; to cultivate the imagination, the mental powers, which bring beauty of spirit, lasting charm and loveliness—lines of beauty.

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FULFILLMENT

By Barbara Hollis

I stand alone, where the waters rise,
  A white moon overhead,
And I watch the sea, while the soul of me
  Re-echoes the words you said:

"When tides shall rise upon moonlit rocks,
  All wet with the foaming sea,
Wherever you stand—in whatever land,
  'Tis decreed you shall think of me!"

'Twas half in jest that you uttered this,
  And yet it has proved too true;
So I watch the sea, while the soul of me
  Cries out for the soul of you.

TO THE SEA

By Le Baron Cooke

Moody Sea,
Why do you foam
Like a fiery stallion,
And toss your mane
With white-capped madness,
When the Wind
Frolics?
Would you smother her
Under the weight
Of your liquid body?

SECRETS

By Barbara Hollis

Oh, God, the poor dear secrets women keep
And bury in their souls, awake, in sleep—
And cover with a smile! 'Twas ever so;
They hide their sorrows, that men need not know.

Dear God, the sweet sad lies that women tell,
Who face a world and whisper, "All is well";
Their garments catch the thorns, and where they go
They pluck the briars—that men need not know.

Screen Stories in Demand

Before sending your photoplays and stories out on the market, be careful to have them first put in proper form and language. The "Detailed Synopsis" is preferred by the studios, as almost every producing company now has its own scenario form, and it would be an utter impossibility for outside writers to learn them all. But a "Detailed Synopsis" can be used by any company, and, if accepted, will be "picturized" by their own writers to suit their own requirements.

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Mr. T. Herbert Chesnut ("Allan Douglas Brodie"), short story writer, photoplaywright and screen actor, who has made many friends among writers thruout the English-speaking world during the past five years, is now Editor of our SCENARIO DEPARTMENT, and will be happy to extend every courtesy to our patrons.

We assure the readers of MOTION PICTURE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND that we shall be glad to give them every assistance in our power. Send stamp for further information.

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SCENARIO DEPARTMENT
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Norman Bel-Geddes and His Work

(*Continued from page* 23)

Crothers' drama, "He and She," and two striking productions by the Chicago Opera Company, "Boudour" and "Le Nave."

The curious thing about all this work is that if you saw the sketches for the settings or costumes of any two productions side by side you would call them the work of different artists. Thru the drawings of the other new designers there runs invariably a single characteristic style. Even in the finished productions you can see more or less clearly things that stamp them as the work of particular men. Every production by Geddes, however, is a law unto itself. His designs for Masefield's "Faithful" look like Japanese prints. His "Papa" is in the most brightly modern style of interior decoration. His sketches for "Pelleas and Melisande" suggest a cross between the gigantic simplicity of Gordon Craig and some mystic post-impressionist. His "Lear" is full of the rude and oppressive quality of druidical rocks wrapped in the mists of Wales: even the characters of the play, clothed in the costumes of rope and burlap, which Geddes has ingeniously contrived, seem strange human masks hewn from the rock itself. In every case there is new material and a new design and, needless to say, new color. His "Nave," for instance, is Byzantine not alone in the architectural details but in the smoldering reds and rich browns of his canvas.

Now, while all these new artists accept and practise certain general principles of simplification, suggestion and unity, Geddes in many ways stands first in the general attempt to give each production a single and unified style corresponding to the feeling, atmosphere, or rhythm of the play. Because his versatility enables him to vary his productions as widely as I have indicated, he is able to achieve that difficult trick called "stylization," much touted in Germany and Russia. In every case, a very evident and deliberate style binds the whole production together.

To this knack for stylistic variety, Geddes has added a genius and passion for mechanical departures and new methods of production, which still further stamp his different works with individuality. Thus he makes the twelve scenes of "Nju" out of the same six screens, diffrently arranged and lighted, and builds "Pelleas" wholly from a stageful of gauzes painted almost entirely by light controlled from a specially invented keyboard. Incidentally, Geddes has designed and patented a wholly new type of theater in which both the stage and the spectators are enclosed by a single dome of light.

With all his originality and ingenuity, Geddes relies far more than any of his fellow designers on qualities of "pure" art. There is nothing arresting or eccentric in his line or composition. He turns

(*Continued on page* 81)

Motion Picture Magazine for February

THE most popular form of amusement is the cinema.

The most popular magazine is one devoted to the cinema.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE was the pioneer in the field of cinema periodicals. Its popularity grew with marvelous rapidity, and, tho it has competitors, it continues to lead in the forward march.

The interviews are especially entertaining in the February number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. The life stories of stars and lesser lights are told in bright style.

Adele Whitely Fletcher has a story of unique charm anent the personality and screen career of a popular star, Pearl White. It is the first interview granted by Miss White in two years. The story is accompanied by delightfully natural photographs.

What the screen luminaries do when they are not making pictures, where they go, and how they amuse themselves is related in

ALONG THE STARRY WAY
By MILES HAMMOND

The stunts of the movies and how they are put across to get laughs, and revelations of "the giggle grabbers and their bulging bag of tricks" are told in

THE OLD HOKUM BUCKET
By MALCOLM H. OETTINGER

Novelizations of the newest photoplays are part of the attraction of this number.

Interviews of Mae Marsh by Maude Cheatham, of Sylvia Breamer by Gladys Hall, and of Betty Blythe by Hazel Simpson Naylor, are full of the colorful personalities, characteristics, and ambitions of these favorites.

From the girl on the cover to the Movie Encyclopædia in the back, there is entertainment, art and information galore in

the February issue of Motion Picture Magazine

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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc. 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

George Arliss and Life

(*Continued from page* 26)

I asked him what, if anything, he considered the screen's chief detriment. There is no man with soul so dead I cannot find one flaw to pick—

He said: "Youth—but that is the germ of development and not a detriment in any true sense." He amplified. "Primitive. The screen is primitive, I should say." He seemed to like the term and to feel it a true analogy, because he repeated the word "primitive" several times, with unction, concluding with "in its primitive stages. For instance—what is the first thing we give a child? A picture book, do we not? And the pictures capture him, delight him. He does not necessarily question them. Not until he is much older, much wiser. Then he discards them and wants more detailed, more workmanlike pictures—or none at all. The screen has served as the world's picture book, garish at times, overdrawn at times, too colorful at times, but as humanity grows up and draws away from its first conception of this gigantic picture book, so the book will grow and develop, too, to meet the need. It will become an Art."

"You believe in the film as an art?"

"Yes—yes, certainly. It has all the possibilities of beauty, of great beauty."

"Did you ever consider the screen prior to introducing it to 'The Devil'?"

"I have been invited before," Mr. Arliss said, graciously, "but I never felt I had the time to give to it."

I grew more personal. I asked him what he thought of himself when he saw himself for the first time upon the screen.

"I was horrified," he said: "positively horrified!

"I now believe," he added, with a wry smile, "all the things my wife has said of me. Prior to this experience I had such comfortable opinions."

I told him that it seemed to me he and life should be on the most excellently compatible terms. "You *art*," I elucidated, "travel..achievement...You ought to be content...."

"I am," he said; "perfectly. I have not a fault to find with life."

I admitted surprise. There are so many misanthropes. I had told him I thought he and life should be on excellent terms. I had not supposed he would instantaneously agree with me.

"I have no sympathy," he said, pleasantly, "with persons who go thru life perpetually 'misunderstood'—according to their own version. The chances are ten to one that they are understood only too well. I believe firmly that one gets just about what one deserves. Of course, there are times when one is underestimated just as there are other times when one is *over*estimated. But on the whole, if one stopped at, say, the end of every fifth year and struck a balance they would find they had got about what they had given. I believe in the essential law of compensation."

(*Continued on page* 81)

Norman Bel-Geddes and His Work

(*Continued from page* 79)

away deliberately—and perhaps not altogether wisely—from the theater's penchant for single, bizarre and startling effects. (I find I have described in Geddes' own rather contemptuous words the simple and direct translation of emotion by a single gesture of either actor, playwright or artist.)

From all that I have written it should be evident that any single sketch by Geddes is apt to seem more finished as a work of art and less interesting as a *piece de theater* than a design by one of the other new artists. Except perhaps for a sort of elephantiasis, a mania for mere size, a habit of opening up the whole proscenium arch and running castles to the clouds, there is little to startle in any single drawing. But look at a complete set of his sketches for any one production, and the distinguished qualities of his work become evident. Compare such a set with any other by Geddes, and in the striking differences between the two you will see instantly the unique distinction of this artist.

The next step for Geddes is the screen. Not the screen that he tried to work for some three years ago, and which, with the limited vision of those early days, refused to accept his great gifts. Geddes — in partnership with Rob Wagner — will work for the screen that is only just beginning to assert itself, whose growth and victory are in the future. This is the screen of beauty and imagination, vigor, humor and all the strong, fine energies of life. For this screen Geddes will not be merely a scenic artist. Tho he will build great and beautiful edifices out of a few feet of plaster column and the public's imagination, he will be first of all the creative artist, the finder of marvelous stories, the director of stirring and exhilarating action. Tho he will have no bits of red and yellow clay to daub upon canvas, he will still have color—all the immense range of visual stimulus which lies between the inky black of some mountain cave and the burning, dancing sunlight that beats across the California desert. He will have all that he has had upon the stage—save its limitations—and he will have, besides, not only the wide sweep of the motion picture camera, but the shaping, in every detail, of the human lives whose stories he will tell.

George Arliss and Life

(*Continued from page* 80)

Mr. Arliss is an artist. He is an artist on the stage and off the stage. He uses the stuff of life as he does the implement of his craft, with delicacy, with tact, with a fine-pointed understanding. And a greater artist is no man than this . . .

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Mrs. Worth.....Octavia Handworth
Detective.....Wm. R. Tallmadge
Edwin Markham.....Edwin Markham
Hudson Maxim.....Hudson Maxim
Richard Worth.....Arthur Tuthill
Mrs. Lane's Maid.....Cecile Edwards
Officer Kelly.....Wm. Castro
Officer Reilly.....Ellsworth Jones
Officer Jones.....Seymoure Panish
The President.....James J. McCabe
Broker.....Joseph Murtaugh
Billy Logan.....Dorothy Taylor
Mrs. Sykes.....Effie Palmer
Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....Bunty Manly
Bill Sykes.....Alfred L. Rigali
Worth's Maid, Marie.....Erminie Gagnon
Jewelry Clerk.....Edward Chalmers
Doctor White.....Charles Hammer
Another Doctor.....Wm. White
Rent Collector.....Norbert Hammer
Worth's Butler.....Carl Chalmers
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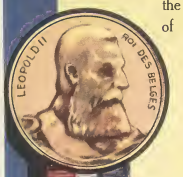

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